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SELECTIONS FROM  
LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

INCLUDING EVANGELINE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music.—*Hiawatha*.



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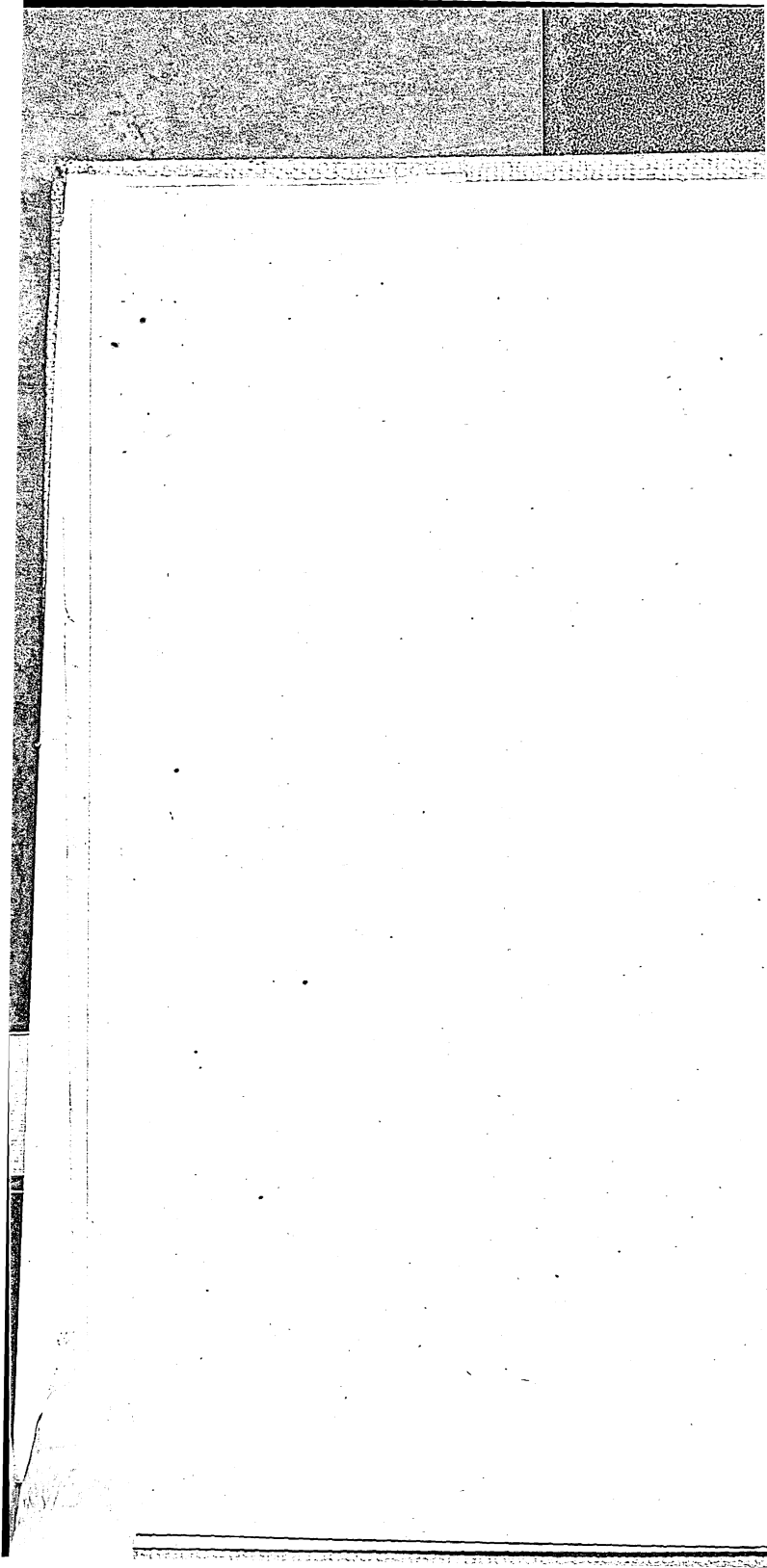
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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, . . . . .	vii
CRITICAL REVIEW, . . . . .	xvii
INTRODUCTION TO EVANGELINE, . . . . .	xxiv
MAP OF ACADIE . . . . .	xxxviii
EVANGELINE, . . . . .	1
NOTES TO EVANGELINE, . . . . .	49
SELECT MINOR POEMS—	
I. <i>Voices of the Night</i> :—	
Prelude, . . . . .	95
A Psalm of Life, . . . . .	98
The Reaper and the Flowers, . . . . .	99
Footsteps of Angels, . . . . .	100
II. <i>Ballads and other Poems</i> :—	
The Skeleton in Armour, . . . . .	102
The Wreck of the Hesperus, . . . . .	106
The Village Blacksmith, . . . . .	109
Maidenhood, . . . . .	110
Excelsior, . . . . .	112
III. <i>The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems</i> :—	
The Belfry of Bruges, . . . . .	114
The Evening Star, . . . . .	116
The Norman Baron, . . . . .	116
To the Driving Cloud, . . . . .	118
The Arrow and the Song, . . . . .	120
NOTES TO MINOR POEMS, . . . . .	121
INDEX TO NOTES, . . . . .	155



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the celebrated American poet, was born at Portland in the State of Maine, on February 27th, 1807. His father, the Honourable Stephen Longfellow, who died in 1849, was an eminent lawyer and member of Congress, whose ancestor, William Longfellow, emigrated in 1651 from England to Massachusetts. The poet's mother, Zilpah, was a daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, who served with great distinction in the war of the American Revolution, and was descended from John Alden, celebrated by the poet in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This Alden was the first of the "Pilgrim Fathers" to land from *The Mayflower* at Plymouth, New England, in the year 1620. Our author thus came of a Puritan stock.

His early years were spent in his native town, and his early impressions are recorded in "My Lost Youth," a poem composed by him in 1855. He there alludes to the sea-fight (1813) in Casco Bay, which so deeply impressed his boyish fancy in the Anglo-American War of that time. Casco Bay stretches out in front of Portland, and is studded with an archipelago of beautiful islands called by him "the Hesperides of all my boyish dreams." He first attempted verse-writing at the age of nine, but then only as a school task. "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," the first spontaneous effort

of his muse, appeared in *The Portland Gazette* when he was thirteen years old.

Bowdoin College, in the town of Brunswick, about 25 miles northward from Portland, was the new State Collège of Maine; and as the boy's father was one of the trustees, thither, and not to Harvard, it was resolved to send the son. In 1821, at the age of fourteen, he passed the Entrance Examination, studied at home for the first year on account of his youth, and took up his abode at Brunswick in September 1822. At College he always ranked high as a scholar, and was a model of propriety; and while there contributed some poems to the *United States Literary Gazette*. He graduated with honours in 1825, and being assigned the delivery of the "class poem" as a mark of distinction, selected "Native Writers" as his theme, with an instinct which proved prophetic.

It was proposed at this time to found a Chair of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, and the post was offered to Longfellow. He was at the same time required to proceed to Europe, at his own expense, to improve his qualifications for the appointment. This offer he eagerly accepted as being entirely congenial to his own tastes. He did not leave America, however, till May 1826, and spent the interval in his father's office reading Blackstone and lighter literature. He landed at Havre, and spent the next three and a half years travelling and studying successive European languages in France, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany. Passing through England on his way home, he spent a day at Oxford, visited Shakspeare's house at Stratford, sailed from Liverpool in August 1829, and next month took up his Professorship at Bowdoin College at the age of twenty-two. His long stay, at an impressionable age, in Old World haunts of poetry, romance, and historic splendour, produced a lasting effect on the young man's mind. It enlarged his

sympathies and gave him self-confidence, but made it impossible for him ever to become the typical national poet of America. The one great result of this lengthened visit to Europe was that, with some three or four brilliant exceptions, the poet's mind always thenceforward turned back across the Atlantic, and derived inspiration from some Old World book or story.

He spent six years at Bowdoin College, and in the second of these, his twenty-fourth year, married Miss Mary Potter, a daughter of his father's friend, Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. While Professor at Bowdoin, he contributed many articles to various magazines, and prepared for the use of his students some text-books in French, Italian, and Spanish. In 1833 he published his *Coplas de Manrique*, a small volume of poetry translated from the Spanish of Don Jorge Manrique of Castile, with an introductory essay on "The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain." There likewise appeared in this year two numbers of his *Outre-Mer* (completed in 1835), a prose work describing his travels in Europe, and in style greatly resembling *The Sketch Book* by Washington Irving.

Harvard College, in American Cambridge, a town some three miles distant from Boston city, from which it is separated by the river Charles, was then, as now, the oldest and most illustrious seat of learning in America. In 1835, George Ticknor, the talented author of a well-known *History of Spanish Literature*, resigned the Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at Harvard; and Longfellow was appointed to succeed him. Now, for a second time, he proceeded to Europe, the better to qualify himself for his post by a deeper study of the Teutonic languages. Passing through London on his way, he studied Swedish and Finnish in Stockholm, Danish in Copenhagen, and Dutch in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. While residing in Rotterdam, a melancholy event occurred in his life, which filled with gloom the rest of his stay in Europe. In that city, in

November 1835, his young wife died. She had been the faithful companion of all his wanderings, and is commemorated by the poet in his "Footsteps of Angels." He settled down at Heidelberg for the winter of 1835 and the spring of 1836, and devoted himself to a thorough historical study of German. He spent two months in the Tyrol and Switzerland, and one in Paris; and, returning, entered upon his Professorship at Harvard in December 1836. Here, in the midst of learning, refinement, and culture, Longfellow entered upon his long and splendid literary career.

Craigie House in Cambridge was a house of old renown. Here General Washington once resided, when Commander-in-Chief of the American forces in the Revolutionary War; and here Longfellow now was admitted to reside: He subsequently purchased this house, and it remained his chief residence during the rest of his life. There were four men in Cambridge between whom and the new Professor there soon sprang up an intimate friendship. Foremost of these was Cornelius Conway Felton (the "F." of Longfellow's *Diary*), Professor of Greek in Harvard,—“heartiest of Greek professors,” as Dickens afterwards called him; then Charles Sumner, Lecturer in the Law School, and George Stillman Hillard, his law partner. The fourth was Henry R. Cleveland. These five young men, all ardent lovers of books and devoted to literary pursuits during leisure hours, having like tastes, and being nearly of the same age, formed themselves into a sort of literary and critical society, which they called “The Five of Clubs”; but when they began their career as authors, and each spoke well of the others’ books in the Reviews, the newspapers dubbed them “The Mutual Admiration Society.” During the first few years of his residence at Cambridge, Longfellow contributed various essays to the *North American Review*; and in 1839 appeared *Hyperion*, a prose romance dealing with his recent travels in Europe.

His first public appearance as a poet was also in 1839, when he published his *Voices of the Night*. This, the first volume of his original poetry, contains some of the best minor poems he ever wrote, notably "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "Footsteps of Angels." This was followed in 1841 by *Ballads and Other Poems*, including "The Skeleton in Armour," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Excelsior."

In the spring of 1842, Longfellow was in weak health, and, obtaining leave of absence for six months, came to Europe a third time, and tried the virtues of "the water-cure" at Marienberg near Boppard on the Rhine. On his way thither he spent a few days in Paris, and visited Antwerp and Bruges. At St. Goar, a few miles south of Boppard, began his lifelong friendship with Ferdinand Freiligrath, three years his junior, and already distinguished among the younger German poets. At Boppard he wrote the personal sonnet *Mezzo Cammin*—"Half of my life is gone,"—and returning by way of Bruges finished his poem on *The Belfry of Bruges*. In England he was the guest of Charles Dickens, and met Rogers and Landor. On the return voyage in October 1842 he composed his *Poems on Slavery*, which were published in the same year, exposing the infamy of trading in human lives.

Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of the Honourable Nathan Appleton, an eminent Boston merchant, was the original of Mary Ashburton, the heroine of Longfellow's *Hyperion*. He had first met her in Switzerland in 1836, when she was nineteen; the acquaintance ripened at home in Boston; and the poet's heroine became his wife in 1843. Towards the end of the same year he published *The Spanish Student*, a dramatic poem in three acts, and in sentiment not unlike the old "Morality" plays; and the piece, though of no great merit, helped to spread its author's fame as a poet. He next edited for Messrs Carey & Hart of Philadelphia, a



work on the *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, published in 1845. It contained specimens in translation of nearly 400 poets, with introductions and biographical and critical sketches, many of the translations being Longfellow's own. In this year was published also his *Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*. *Evangeline* followed in 1847. Then came a prose work, *Kavanagh* (1849), a novel of New England life. In 1850 appeared a small volume of poems entitled *The Seaside and the Fireside*, referring to the poet's two homes,—one at Nahant on the sea, the other inland at Craigie House. In 1851 came *The Golden Legend*, a lyric drama, one of the greatest of the poet's longer works. In 1854 he resigned his Professorship in order to be able to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits, and James Russell Lowell was appointed to succeed him at Harvard.

*Hiawatha*, his next published poem (1855), was the most popular literary triumph of the century. One hundred thousand copies were sold in two years. In this poem he has woven together into a compact whole the beautiful traditions of the American Indians, following in style and metre the Finnish epic *Kalevala*, which had first delighted him in Sweden. As the *Edda* was the name given to a mediæval collection of old Norse poems on mythical and traditional subjects, *Hiawatha* is frequently called "The Indian Edda." "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the chief poem in his next volume (1858), is, like *Hiawatha*, American in subject, and goes back to the days of the *Mayflower*. The group of minor poems in the same volume was entitled "Birds of Passage."

The tragic fate of his wife, who was burned to death in 1861, her dress having accidentally caught fire, overshadowed the poet's later years; and so great was the shock it gave him that he could never find courage even to allude to it. To distract his mind from this painful occurrence, he set to work

on a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and before long resumed the habit of original composition. The next work he published was his pleasant *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863), after the manner of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Then came *Flower de Luce*, a small volume of poems, in 1866; and in the following year his translation of Dante was finished and published. This is the best and most trustworthy English translation of the great Italian poet, and is an invaluable aid to the study of Dante in the original tongue.

Longfellow, like Milton, was for a long time haunted by the conception of some great poetical undertaking, before his ideas assumed a definite form as to its subject and scope. At last we come upon the following entry in his Journal on November 8th, 1841 :—"This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christ, the theme of which would be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages." In his sonnet *Mezzo Cammin*, written at Boppard on the Rhine in the following summer, he complains :—

"Half of my life has gone, and I have let  
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled  
The aspiration of my youth, to build  
Some tower of song with lofty parapet."

At the same time we find in his note-book the following memorandum :—

Christus, a dramatic poem in three parts.

Part First. The time of Christ. (Hope.)

Part Second. The Middle Ages. (Faith.)

Part Third. The Present. (Charity.)

Ten years after the subject had first occurred to the poet, he published *The Golden Legend* (1851), but without any hint to the public as to its being only the second part of a trilogy, although written as such. Next in order of time came *The*

*New England Tragedies*, likewise published separately, in 1868, and intended as the third part of the trilogy, but of this the public had no knowledge, and the *Tragedies* were coldly received. Lastly came *The Divine Tragedy*, at the close of 1871, but it likewise failed to hit the popular taste, and nobody knew that it was to be the first part of a trilogy. Then in the autumn of 1872 the *Christus* was published, as a complete work with the parts arranged in the order originally intended, and the poet's design stood at last revealed. It was in this same year that Tennyson arranged his various *Idylls of the King*, not in the order of their publication, but of their proper sequence in the legend of Arthur. For more than thirty years this trilogy, which Longfellow regarded as the really great work of his life, had been present to his mind and his religious nature was profoundly moved by it.

*Three Books of Song* (1872), *Aftermath* (1873), and *The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems* (1875), showed that the poet had lost none of his lyric powers, and support the common assertion that his last poems were his best. *Keramos and Other Poems* appeared in 1878, and a collection of *Poems of Places*, in thirty-one small volumes, was edited by the poet and published in the years 1876-9. *Ultima Thule*, a collection of poems published by him in 1880, was intended, as the name implies, to be his last, but the death of President Garfield in the following year called forth a majestic sonnet; and in March 1882, almost on the brink of the grave, he wrote his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas." The concluding words of this poem, —

" Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light ;  
It is daybreak everywhere," —

he wrote on March 15th, 1882, and nine days later, at the age of seventy-five, he gently passed away.

Longfellow, at the height of his fame, paid a fourth visit to Europe from April 1868 to August 1869, and was everywhere received with the highest distinction. He was fêted at the University of Cambridge, and publicly admitted there to the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws. In London he was entertained by Mr Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Lord John Russell, and the leading statesmen. Her Majesty the Queen received him cordially at Windsor. He passed two pleasant days with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight. He spent the summer in Switzerland, the autumn in France, and the winter in Italy, and, returning home through England, received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford. Bowdoin, his *Alma Mater*, had made him a Doctor of Laws in 1828, and Harvard in 1859. In 1873 he was elected a member of the Russian Academy of Science, and in 1877 a member of the Spanish Academy.

He lived and died a Unitarian, and his brother and biographer, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, was a clergyman of that denomination. He had five children, two sons, Ernest and Charles, and three daughters, mentioned in *The Children's Hour* :—

“Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.”

His singularly amiable character is thus admirably summarized by Mr Thomas Davidson, in his biography of the poet :—

“As a man, Longfellow was almost perfect, as much so as it is ever given to human nature to be. A man in intellect and courage, yet without conceit or bravado ; a woman in sensibility and tenderness, yet without shrinking or weakness ; a saint in purity of life and devotion of heart, yet without asceticism or religiosity ; a knight-errant in hatred of wrong and contempt of baseness, yet without self-righteousness or cynicism ; a prince in dignity and courtesy, yet without formality or condescension ; a poet in thought and feeling,

yet without jealousy or affectation; a scholar in tastes and habits, yet without aloofness or bookishness; a dutiful son, a loving husband, a judicious father, a trusty friend, a useful citizen, and an enthusiastic patriot,—he united in his strong transparent humanity almost every virtue under heaven. A thoroughly healthy, well-balanced, harmonious nature, accepting life as it came with all its joys and sorrows, and living it beautifully and hopefully, without canker and without uncharity. No man ever lived more completely in the light than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."



## CRITICAL REVIEW.

---

Longfellow achieved distinction in three different fields of literary art, — prose authorship, poetical translation, and original poetry. While a student at Bowdoin College, with his profession still unsettled, he wrote as follows to his father:—"I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." But it was a long time before he discovered in what department of literature his highest talents lay, though all the while he was undergoing an admirable training for the work that was before him.

Apart from his numerous articles in periodicals, his first work as a prose author was his *"Oltre-Mer"*. A new world was opened out before him during his first long visit to Europe, and the thoughts that crowded in upon him on his first becoming acquainted with the historic scenes, natural beauties, and romantic literature of the Old World, struggled to find expression. They found an outlet partly in his lectures as Professor, partly in his magazine articles, and partly in more artistic form in *Oltre-Mer*. This work, rich with the fruit of his first travels, he began to publish serially in *The New England Magazine* soon after he entered upon his Professorship at Bowdoin. The series was entitled "The Schoolmaster," and contained pictures of foreign life grouped round a fictitious personality. This series, consisting of five papers

spread over eighteen months but contributed mainly in 1832, was recast and reprinted in numbered *brochures* under the title of *Outre-Mer*. No. 1 appeared in 1833 and No. 2 in 1834, but here the issue in this form was suspended, and the complete work appeared in two volumes in 1835. *Outre-Mer* is still read with pleasure by those who visit the scenes described. Every page is a slightly-coloured transcript of the author's actual experiences, and the whole work may be pronounced equal in literary merit to the average of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, of which it is an avowed imitation. His next prose work, *Hyperion*, was more ambitious, as it was a careful bid for the position of America's greatest prose writer. It was published in 1839, soon after the author's return from Germany to take up his Professorship at Harvard. The book aimed at doing in America for Central Europe what Washington Irving had done for England and Italy. In this aim it was more than successful, for it has become the Bible of summer tourists along the Rhine, and cast the spell of romance for the first time over America. The hero, Paul Flemming, is in every respect the recently-widowed Longfellow. The heroine, Mary Ashburton, is a faithful portrait of Miss Frances Appleton, who afterwards became Longfellow's wife. "*Hyperion*," says the author, "is the name of the book, not of the hero. It merely indicates that here is the life of one who, in his feelings and purposes, is a 'son of Heaven and Earth,' and who, though obscured by clouds, yet 'moves on high.'" The lesson conveyed by *Hyperion* is this, translated from an old German epitaph:—"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the Shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart." *Hyperion* contains many interesting criticisms of German authors, and translations of German lyrics, combined with a romantic strain of human sentiment,

and marks the close of the author's training for his higher vocation as a poet. Ten years later came *Kavanagh*, a New England story, devoid of interest and weak in plot. This was the last of Longfellow's prose works.

As a translator of foreign poetry, Longfellow has never been surpassed or even equalled. By the duties of his Chair at Harvard he was an interpreter of foreign literature, and was thus led to make metrical versions of the poems which he wished to exhibit as choice specimens of that literature. His range was exceptionally wide, embracing translations into English poetry from Spanish, Swedish, Danish, German, Anglo-Saxon, French, Italian, and Latin poets. In his introduction to "The Children of the Lord's Supper," translated by him from the Swedish, he gives us an insight into his method. "The translation," says he, "is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure." His masterpiece as a translator is his English poetical version of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and for elegant literalness, it is, at the same time, by far the finest English version of the great Italian poet. On this great work, the publication of which was completed in 1870, the poet was engaged for many years. But it was by his translations of minor foreign lyrics that he first discovered his own powers, and entered the higher sphere of original poetry.

When Longfellow first appeared before the world as a poet, he received a much warmer welcome in England and abroad than in his own land. The Americans looked for too much. They had been waiting with anxious expectancy for the appearance among them of a greater poet than the world had yet known, and because Longfellow did not combine in his own person all the highest qualities of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Shelley, he was pronounced a failure. Tests were



proposed to him from which English poets would have recoiled, and an originality demanded of him which few British authors could exemplify. The half-scornful attack led against him by Miss Margaret Fuller in *The Dial*, and continued elsewhere by Edgar Allen Poe and others, although at first followed, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the new school of critics with whom only the unintelligible is to be accepted as poetry, gradually gave way to a juster appreciation of the merits of the new poet.

Milton requires that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate. *Simplicity* is Longfellow's dominant note, and largely accounts for his extraordinary popularity. He wore his load of learning lightly as a flower, ever conveying his meaning in language "understood of the people." *Sensuous* his poetry may be called, in the Miltonic meaning of the word. But Longfellow's range had its limitations, and into the region of *Passion* his muse never entered. "His ways are the ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace." He has none of the unrest and frenzy of the bard. He does not soar into the empyrean, where the bodily eye cannot follow, but where that of the seer is gifted with "a pervading vision." He lacks "the strength and ample pinion," the wide magnificent sweep, and the stormy notes of the divinely-inspired *vates*. He rarely loses sight of common interests and sympathies. We know, as we read him, that he will risk nothing and aim only at what he feels he can do well. But if he cannot create, he cannot adapt without adorning; if his pitch is restrained, he is conscious of strength and power within the limits of his flight.

"The distinguishing qualities of Longfellow," according to Gilfillan, "seem to be beauty of imagination, delicacy of taste, wide sympathy, and mild earnestness, expressing themselves sometimes in forms of quaint and fantastic fancy, but always in chaste and simple language. His imagination

sympathizes more with the correct, the classical, and the refined, than with the rude, the fierce, and the terrible shapes of things. The scenery he describes best is the storied Rhine, the golden glories of the Indian summer, the environs of the old Nova Scotian village, or the wide, billowing prairie. . . . The magic he wields, though soft, is true and strong. If not a prophet torn by a secret, and uttering it in wild tumultuous strains, he is a genuine poet who has sought for and found inspiration now in the story and scenery of his own country, now in the lays and legends of other lands."

One of Longfellow's most notable characteristics is that he fuses moral truth with intellectual beauty. It has been objected to him that all his poems have a moral; that he preaches where he should only sing. But we should not forget that the moral of his poem is never forced. If, in idealizing real life, and clothing subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery, he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms, it is done in such a way that the lesson conveyed ever flows naturally from the subject in hand.

Longfellow has often been called "the Poet of the Middle Classes." In so far as these classes are free from the extremes of joy and sorrow, and noted for comfort, virtue, domestic happiness, and peace of mind, this epithet is true. The extremes "of passion and of pain" were alike foreign to his lyre. He had never been tried in the fiery furnace, and could not mount on the flames of passionate self-abandonment. As Goethe says:—

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

The "fine frenzy" and dramatic insight of the great poet, Longfellow had not, and could never have.

Longfellow has shared with Tennyson the honour of being, among English-speaking people, by far the most widely-read poet during the second half of the present century; and when his numerous translations from various European languages, and the foreign readers that thereby accrue, are taken into account, the balance of popularity will probably incline in Longfellow's favour even as against Tennyson. But all this goes for little with posterity. Tennyson sits upon lofty heights, and Longfellow upon an altogether lower poetic plane. Both are exponents of life, but of two phases of it. Tennyson sings of the inner spiritual life, Longfellow of the outer activities and aspects of every-day life. Tennyson is a philosophic, Longfellow a sentimental poet; Longfellow, unlike Tennyson, is admired and understood by the refined reader and the rough artisan alike. His loving heart, his generous sympathies, his appreciation and knowledge of the practical life of the working classes, together with his artistic attainments, make him a fit exponent of the ideas, hopes, and sentiments of the masses, and account for his extraordinary popularity among his contemporaries.

Longfellow and Wordsworth stand at opposite poles. Longfellow derived his inspiration wholly from Art, Wordsworth wholly from Nature. With Longfellow, the world of books was the real world. His themes, with a few brilliant exceptions, were adopted and assimilated from the literature of Europe. The models selected were no doubt of the choicest, but without this adventitious aid, Longfellow's imagination failed. His genius was imitative, Wordsworth's creative.

Longfellow had a mission. He came of a New England Puritan stock, and New England Puritanism was opposed to Beauty and Sentiment as ungodly things. The poet's mission was to reconcile the Puritanism of the New World to the taste and imagination of the Old, and to convince his country-

men that loveliness and righteousness may go hand in hand. In this achievement he was wholly successful. He was the first to bring the scholarship and poetry of Europe to the New World, and make it a living factor in the national life of America. Harkening to his gentle muse, his countrymen learnt to temper the absorbing pursuits of Commerce with the contemplation of lofty ideals. He was the first American to compose sustained narrative poems that have gained and kept a high place in English literature; and his use of poetry as an expression of Beauty and Sentiment initiated a new era in the history of American culture.

## INTRODUCTION TO EVANGELINE.

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### *Inception of the Poem.*

THE plot of *Evangeline* was first brought to Longfellow's notice by the Rev. H. L. Conolly, a friend of Hawthorne's. Mr. Conolly had been rector of a church in South Boston, and had himself first heard the story from Mrs. Ashburton, one of his French Canadian parishioners. He then communicated it to Hawthorne as a suitable subject for a prose romance, but somehow the eminent romancer was not attracted by it. When Conolly and Hawthorne were subsequently dining as Longfellow's guests at Craigie House, Conolly related the story for the first time in Longfellow's hearing, and expressed his wonder that it had failed to awaken any interest in Hawthorne. Longfellow was touched by the tale, especially by the constancy of its heroine, and said to Hawthorne:—"If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." The required permission was readily given, and the outcome was Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The exact time when this conversation took place is unknown.

### *Date of Composition.*

Longfellow began the composition of *Evangeline* immediately after he had finished that of *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*. Precise dates are furnished by the poet's

journals and correspondence. From these we learn that, on November 24th, 1845, he received from the printer the last proof of *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*; and under the date of December 22nd, 1845, we read:—"Got a copy of *The Belfry of Bruges*—to be published to-morrow,—and so ends my series of books, for one year at least." But in the interval between these two dates, and just four days after the completion of his work on *The Belfry of Bruges* volume, we find the following interesting entry for November 28th, 1845:—"Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F. [Felton] and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me, it seems the only one for such a poem." "Gabrielle" was the name by which the poet at first intended to call his new poem. The following entry, on December 7th, 1845, shows his perplexity as to the title:—"I know not what name to give my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?" From this date onwards the journal relates the progress of the poem under the title of *Evangeline*, until we come to the following entry on February 27th, 1847, the poet's fortieth birthday:—"Evangeline is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning." It was finally published on October 30th, 1847, by Messrs William D. Ticknor & Company, of Boston.

*Materials used.*

The bare outline of the story, as Hawthorne had it from Conolly, is contained in the following extract from Hawthorne's *American Note-Books*:—

"H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off, to be distributed through New England,—among them the new

bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him—wandered about New England all her life-time, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

On this slender foundation Longfellow has reared what is generally regarded as the greatest of all his works.

As the poet was writing a tale of love and constancy, for which only a slight historical background was needed, he did not think it necessary to visit Grand Pré, the Mississippi, Louisiana, or any of the scenery described in the poem. To fill up the background, he drew only upon such materials as were then most ready to hand. These he found in *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas Chandler Haliburton, published at Halifax in 1829,—a work containing numerous quotations from the Abbé Raynal's account of the French settlers. The poet may also have examined a manuscript then in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Library, close at hand, containing Colonel Winslow's narrative of the dispersion of the Acadians by the expedition under himself and Monckton. For the second part of *Evangeline*, which he began in December 1846, the materials were more abundant. Writing on December 15th, 1846, he says:—"I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very *à propos*. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of the poem, I look upon this as a special benediction." Four days later, he writes:—"Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats, and the sandbanks crested with cotton-wood, and the bayous by moonlight." In his entry for January 7th, 1847, we find mention of the remaining materials used by him in the composition of *Evangeline*:—"Went to the Library and got Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia* and the *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*. Also Darby's *Geographical*

INTRODUCTION TO EVANGELINE. xxvii

*Description of Louisiana.* These books must help me through the last part of *Evangeline*, so far as facts and local colouring go." Mr W. S. Kennedy, in his *Life* of the poet, quotes as follows, from a friend familiar with the place, in reference to the scenery that probably inspired the opening stanzas of *Evangeline*:—"Longfellow often visited, when a boy, the old Wadsworth mansion at Hiram [*in Maine*], which is still standing, and loved to ramble over it and look out, from the balcony on the roof, upon the woods and hills in the midst of which it is situated, and especially upon the river winding through the beautiful valley. Near by, the Great Falls of the Saco tumble over the steep ledges, and in spring present a grand spectacle with the logs leaping furiously over each other and plunging into the foaming abyss below. As I have sat watching this tumult of waters, how often have I thought of Longfellow drinking in the scene with all a boy's enthusiasm; and the prelude to *Evangeline* came forcibly to mind. . . . As I listened to the roar of the Falls and the murmur of the forest, I could not but think it was here Longfellow took in the scene that in after-years he so beautifully wrought into his imperishable song." As regards the conclusion of the poem, Longfellow himself wrote as follows:—"I was passing down Spruce Street [*Philadelphia*] one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure [*The Pennsylvania Hospital*]. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented, made an impression which has never left me: and when I came to write *Evangeline*, I placed the final scene, the meeting between *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* and the death, at the poor-house; and the burial, in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."



*Metre.*

Having once decided upon the poem, Longfellow had no hesitation in his choice of a metre. The very first entry (see page xxv above) we find concerning it in his *Diary* says:—"Set about . . . my idyl in hexameters in earnest. . . . F. [Felton] and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem." Four years previously he had made an experiment in this metre in his *Children of the Lord's Supper*, translated from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, and the following extract from his preface shows that he was not then so enthusiastic about hexameters:—"I have preserved even the measure, that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is, not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.'" He used the same metre in 1845 in his poem *To the Driving Cloud*, the name assumed by the "Chief of the mighty Omahas." While engaged upon *Evangeline*, he chanced upon a specimen hexameter translation of the 24th book of Homer's *Iliad* in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1846, and of the first book in the number for May 1846, and commented upon them as follows (*Diary*, Dec. 11th, 1846):—"Took down Chapman's *Homer* and read the second book. Rough enough, and though better than Pope, how inferior to the books in *Blackwood*! The English world is not yet awake to the beauty of that metre." The *Blackwood* translations are signed "N. N. T.," but the author is unknown. Wilson ("Christopher North") of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* fame was then editor.

The dactylic hexameter, thus used in a modified English form by Longfellow, is the metre in which the great epics of Ancient Europe, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Greek, and

Vergil's *Æneid* in Latin, are written. The classical hexameter found in these great works was a verse of six feet, generally divided in the middle of the third foot by a *cæsura* ("cutting"). In the Classical languages, scansion depended solely on the *quantity* of syllables, whether they were long or short, and not as with us upon their accent. The sixth foot might be either a spondee (— —) or a trochee (— ∪); the fifth foot was nearly always a dactyl (— ∪ ∪), and the first four feet might be either dactyls or spondees, but not trochees. The classical hexameter verse may therefore be represented by the following scheme:—

1	2	3	4	5	6
—	—	—	—	—	—
or	or	—    or	or	— ∪ ∪	or
— ∪ ∪	— ∪ ∪	—    ∪ ∪	— ∪ ∪	— ∪ ∪	— or —

The first attempt to naturalize the hexameter in English was made in Elizabeth's reign under the most favourable auspices, being encouraged by the Queen herself and by Sir Philip Sidney. But in the hands of Sidney and his contemporaries the attempt was a failure. Goldsmith in his *Essays* pronounced in favour of the hexameter in English, but made no attempt to carry his theory into practice. It was reserved for Southey, then Poet Laureate, to bring the question of English hexameters prominently before the modern public. This he did by his use of that metre in *A Vision of Judgment* (1821), dedicated to the King. The preface to that poem is well worth perusal, and the following extract from it explains the metre of the poem, which is also that of *Evangeline*:—

"With very few exceptions, there is a regular recurrence of emphasis in the last five syllables of every line, the first and fourth of these syllables being accented, the others not. These five syllables form two of the feet by which the verse is measured, and which are called dactyls and trochees, the dactyl consisting of one long syllable and two short ones, as exemplified in the name *Wellington*; the trochee of one long and one short, as exemplified

in the name of *Nelson*. Of such feet there are six in every verse. The first four are disposed according to the judgment and convenience of the writer; that is, they may be all dactyls or all trochees, or any mixture of both in any arrangement; but the fifth is always a dactyl, and the sixth always a trochee, except in some rare instances, when, for the sake of variety, or of some particular effect, a trochee is admitted in the fifth place. . . . These feet are not constituted each by a separate word, but are made up of one or more, or of parts of words, the end of one and the beginning of another, as may happen. A verse of the *Psalms*, originally pointed out by Harris of Salisbury as a natural and perfect hexameter, will exemplify what has been said:—

Whyđở thờ | héathẻn | ráge, || ảnđ thờ | péoplẻ ỉ- | mágẻnẻ ả | vản thỉng ?

This, I think, will make the general construction of the metre perfectly intelligible to persons who may be unacquainted with the rules of Latin versification.

“The learned reader will have perceived, by what has already been said; that in forming this English measure in imitation, rather than upon the model, of the ancient hexameter, the trochee has been substituted for the spondee, as by the Germans. This substitution is rendered necessary by the nature of our pronunciation, which is so rapid that I believe the whole vocabulary of the language does not afford a single instance of a genuine native spondee. Some may perhaps doubt this, and suppose that such words as *twilight* and *evening* are spondaic, but they only appear so when they are pronounced singly, the last syllable then hanging upon the tongue and dwelling on the ear like the stroke of a clock. Used in combination they become pure trochees. The spondee, of course, is not excluded from the verse; and where it occurs the effect in general is good.”

It will be observed that Southey, referring to English, here speaks in classical fashion of long and short syllables, although such terms are inappropriate in English scansion; but his illustrations, *Wellington* and *Nelson*, show that he meant accented and unaccented syllables, the English *accented* syllable corresponding to the classical *long*, and the English *unaccented* to the classical *short*.

Longfellow's choice of this metre brought upon him much critical animadversion in public and private. His friend Felton, though doubtful about the measure at first, finally approved, and so did Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. In England, Dr. Whewell, himself a writer of hexameters, reviewed *Evangeline* with praise in *Fraser's Magazine*. But the extreme classicists insisted that the hexameter was a Greek and Latin metre, which could not possibly be transferred to the English language, because that distinguished its syllables only by *accent*, and not by *quantity* or *time*. Writing in his *Diary* soon after the publication of the poem, he says,—“The public take more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined”; and somewhat later, “I am more than ever glad that I chose this metre for my poem.” James Russell Lowell refers to it as follows in *A Fable for Critics*:—

“I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in English,  
To me rime's a gain, so it be not too jinglish,  
And your modern hexameter verses are no more  
Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like Homer ;

\* \* \* \* \*

But set that aside, and 'tis truth that I speak,  
Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,  
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a line  
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral *Evangeline*.  
That's not ancient or modern, its place is apart  
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art,  
'Tis a shrine of retreat from earth's hubbub and strife  
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life.”

Longfellow's successful use of the hexameter had much to do both with the revival of that metre and with a critical discussion upon its value, and may be said to have secured for it a recognized place among English metres. Arthur Hugh Clough employed the metre in his pastoral poem of *The Bothie of Toper-na-Vuolich*, and wrote to Emerson asking him to convey to Longfellow the fact that it was a perusal of

*Evangeline*, following that of the *Iliad*, that had led him to try the hexameter.

The student will find the subject of English hexameters discussed at length, and with great ability, by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in his *Reviews and Discussions* (pp. 316-344); and by the late Professor John Stuart Blackie in his *Horæ Hellenicæ* (pp. 278-297); and should read the preface to Southey's *Vision of Judgment*.

#### *Criticisms.*

*Evangeline*, dealing with an American subject, was hailed, on its appearance, by friendly critics as the first genuine Castalian fount that had burst from American soil. Against Longfellow's early poems it had been reproachfully objected by Miss Margaret Fuller and the hostile critics that they were "exotics," and that the new poet cared nothing for his native land. If Longfellow disliked these criticisms, he profited by them; and if it had not been for them we might never have had such works as *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, or *The New England Tragedies*. *Evangeline* is the greatest of all Longfellow's works, and the one which, with *Hiawatha*, will carry his name down to posterity. It is an idyl written after German models, more immediately after that of Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, which is itself an imitation of the *Luise* of Voss; and it is simpler and more pathetic than either of its German predecessors. In character-drawing the poem is weak; but we have in the heroine one of the most perfect types of womanhood and of "affection that hopes and endures and is patient." In her sorrows and trials she recalls Emily in Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*. The poem is not evenly sustained throughout; and occasionally the effect of a passage of great beauty is diminished by some far-fetched conceit. In the first part the poet seems to have

put forth all his strength ; but Evangeline's wanderings in quest of her betrothed, with which the whole of the second part is taken up, though varied by occasional passages of great beauty, become at last somewhat oppressive. The passage beginning

"Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer" (l. 148),

is noted for its picturesque beauty ; and the vivid description of American scenery beginning

"Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river" (l. 753), has been pointed to, for its far horizons of western stream and sky, as being like one of Rembrandt's landscapes.

"*Evangeline*, which is deservedly one of the most popular poems of the age," says Devey (*Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets*), "manifests deep pathetic force and wonderful power of scene-painting, with a perfect adherence to nature in the development of character and the manipulation of incident. The tale is simple, but there is an epic completeness about it which belongs to few of Longfellow's productions. As a story illustrative of the gigantic force of affection amidst the trials to which it is subjected in this world, the poem is greater than *Enoch Arden*. For Longfellow's materials are fewer and turned to greater account. The pity and emotional sympathy it excites is broader and more profound. The poem is also full of spiritual radiance. Evangeline herself blends the purity of the sweetest of Raphael's Madonnas with the fervour and enduring love of the most tender of Correggio's Magdalenes. Earthly affection in her is radiated with all the splendours of divine love. The pursuit of a human object intensifies the angelic qualities of her nature. It is a natural sequel to such a story that Evangeline does not recover Gabriel until about to wing his flight to the skies. Her love, then, for Gabriel becomes

identified with her longing for Heaven itself. *Evangeline* may, therefore, be regarded as the apotheosis of human affection; as such, it contains a high moral lesson, and becomes a medium of a deep philosophy. Human nature, from what it contains of the God-like, must always lift us above the perishable. The virgin instincts of the soul defy the revolutions of space and time. Human love, instead of being an obstacle, may become the best preparatory school for divine love, into which it may become absorbed, as a river by the ocean. Longfellow's 'Evangeline' ennobles, in the sphere of suffering, the feminine nature, quite as much as Dante's 'Beatrice' in that of enjoyment. If it be of a lower order of poetic creation, it is all the more likely to be more generally appreciated, and therefore to become a more practical instrument in the elevation of humanity."

"As a work of art," says Gilfillan (*Galleries of Literary Portraits*, vol. i.), "it [*Evangeline*] is superior to all that Longfellow has written in verse. Nothing can be more truly conceived or more tenderly expressed than the picture of that primitive Nova Scotia, and its warm-hearted, hospitable, happy, and pious inhabitants. We feel the air of the 'Fore-world' around us. The light of the Golden Age—itself joy, music, and poetry—is shining above. There are evenings of summer or autumn tide so exquisitely beautiful, so complete in their own charm, that the entrance of the moon is felt almost as a painful and superfluous addition: it is like a candle dispelling the weird darkness of a twilight room. So we feel at first as if *Evangeline*, when introduced, were an excess of loveliness—an amiable eclipser of all surrounding beauties. But even as the moon, by-and-by, vindicates her intrusion, and creates her own 'holier day,' so with the delicate and lovely heroine of this simple story—she becomes the centre of the entire scene. She is that noblest of characters, *a lady in grain*. She has borrowed her motions

and attitudes from the wind-bent trees; her looks have kindled at the stars; her steps she has unwittingly learned from the moving shadows of the clouds. On her way home from Confession,

‘When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.’

Thus should all lives be led, all steps tuned. . . . It seems almost cruel in the poet to try her so painfully, and to send her to seek her sole redress in heaven.”

“Of the longer poems of our chief singer,” says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, “I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice. The German model, which it follows in its measure and the character of its story, was itself suggested by an earlier idyl. If Dorothea was the mother of *Evangeline*, Luise was the mother of Dorothea. And what a beautiful creation is the Acadian maiden! From the first line of the poem, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness all around,—

‘This is the forest primeval.’

The words are already as familiar as

† ‘Μῆνιν ἄειδες, θεά,’

or

‘*Arma virumque cano.*”

---

† Indian students, to whom the Ancient Classics of Europe are sealed books, need to be told what English school-boys would know, that these are respectively the opening words of Homer's *Iliad* in Greek, and of Vergil's *Æneid* in Latin. The Greek [*Mēnin aēide, thea*] means “Of wrath sing thou, O Goddess;” and the Latin, “Arms and the man I sing.”



Many of the Acadians escaped expulsion, and many more, after long wanderings, returned to their old homes, where their descendants live to this day, a French-speaking people. For their benefit *Evangeline* was translated into French Alexandrines in 1865 by M. Le May, a French Canadian, and with them it ranks above all other poems. Some of them have even gone so far as to learn English for the express purpose of familiarizing themselves with the original. If their

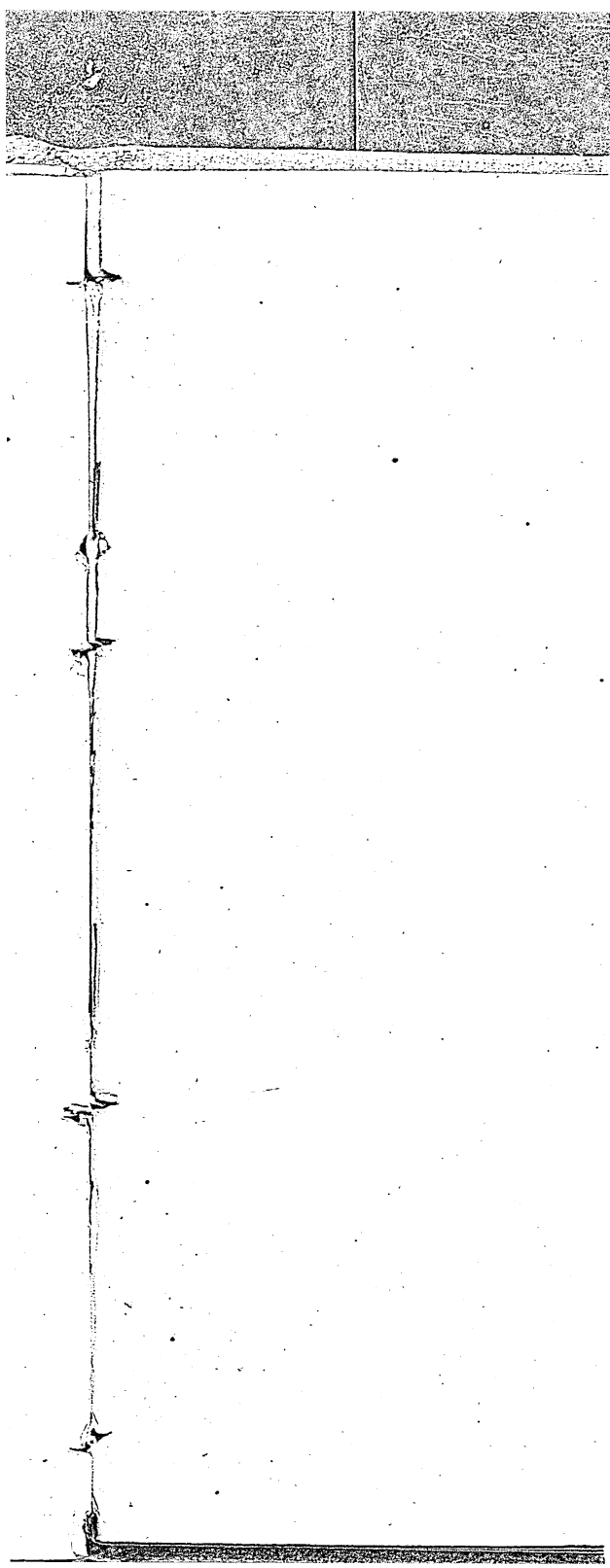
“Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of  
homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline’s* story,”

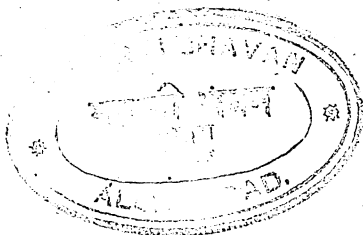
it is Longfellow’s own version of the story that they repeat now.

The text followed is that of the first edition, published by Messrs. William D. Ticknor & Co. of Boston in 1847; but obvious errors and inconsistencies have been removed, and the spelling revised in accordance with standard English.

LONDON, *January 1st*, 1893.

M. T. Q.



[illegible]

# EVANGELINE.

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## PART THE FIRST.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the  
hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the  
twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean 5  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that  
beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of  
the huntsman ?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,— 10  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the  
ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré. 15

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is  
patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

---

## I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the east-  
ward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour  
incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-  
fields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the  
northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the  
Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables  
projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the  
sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs  
of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and  
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the  
sun sank

20 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, 50  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ; 55  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the  
owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household, 60  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as  
the oak-leaves.

35 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. 65  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the  
wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of  
her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the  
meadows.

40 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden. 70  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its  
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and  
her missal,

45 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings, 75  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its  
moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns  
and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs  
and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered  
seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In  
each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft:

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her  
garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;  
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the Blacksmith, 115  
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men ;  
 For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
 Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician, 120  
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their  
 letters  
 Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the  
 plain-song.  
 But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,  
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the Blacksmith.  
 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him 125  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the  
 cart-wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and 130  
 crevice,  
 Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. 135  
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its  
 fledglings ;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !  
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. 140  
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into  
 action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.  
 "Sunshine of St. Eulalie" was she called ; for that was the sun-  
 shine,



Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with 145  
 apples ;  
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abun-  
 dance,  
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and  
 longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound 150  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey 155  
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted,  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.  
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful  
 season  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints.  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the 160  
 landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the  
 ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, 165  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great  
 sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around  
 him ;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and 170  
 jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight de-  
 scending  
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the  
 homestead.  
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each  
 other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening. 175  
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from  
 her collar,  
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the  
 seaside,  
 Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the 180  
 watch-dog,  
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;  
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector  
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the 185  
 wolves howled.  
 Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.  
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their  
 fetlocks,  
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, 190  
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
 Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
 Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets descended.  
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard, 195  
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;  
 Heavily closed, with a creaking sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke- 200  
 wreaths  
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
 Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser 205

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards. 210  
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.  
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a  
 bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.  
 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases, 215  
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock  
 clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly  
 lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the Blacksmith, 220  
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on  
 the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco; 225  
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the  
 marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the Black-  
 smith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside :— 230  
 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
 Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe." Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued :—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are commanded On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the meantime Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer :—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted, And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh, he continued :—

"Louisbourg is not forgotten, nor Beauséjour, nor Port Royal. Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow. Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds ; Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer :—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our corn-fields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean, Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon. Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the contract Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.  
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"  
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's, 265  
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
 And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

## III.

BENT like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;  
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung 270  
 Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses with  
 horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.  
 Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a 275  
 captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.  
 He was beloved by all, but most of all by the children ;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, 280  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell, 285  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-  
 shoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the Blacksmith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right  
 hand,  
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in 290  
 the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their  
 errand."

Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—  
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.  
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention 295  
 Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ? ”  
 “ God’s name ! ” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible black-  
 smith ;

“ Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the  
 wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest ! ”  
 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,— 300  
 “ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice

Triumphs ; and well I remember a story that often consoled me  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”  
 This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it,  
 Whenever neighbours complained that any injustice was done 305  
 them.

“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided 310  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above  
 them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and  
 the mighty 315

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial, condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice. 320  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
 Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left  
 hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie, 325  
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.”  
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the black-  
 smith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;  
 All his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, 330  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of  
 Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle. 335  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;  
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom, 340  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men 345  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the  
 king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
 Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. 350  
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry  
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
 Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in the house- 355  
 hold.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step  
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the  
 hearthstone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. 360

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
 Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
 Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her  
 chamber.  
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its  
 clothes-press  
 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded 365  
 Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in  
 marriage,  
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a house-  
 wife.  
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant  
 moonlight  
 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the 370  
 heart of the maiden .  
 Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the  
 ocean.  
 Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
 Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !  
 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her 375  
 shadow.  
 Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
 Pass'd o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moon-  
 light  
 Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
 And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass  
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps, 380  
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

## IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré ;  
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at  
 anchor.  
 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour 385  
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the  
 morning.



Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring hamlets,  
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.  
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
 Made the bright air brighter; as up from the numerous meadows, 390  
 Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the  
 greensward,  
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.  
 Long ere noon, in the village, all sounds of labour were silenced.  
 Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the  
 house-doors  
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together. 395  
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
 All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and  
 gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
 Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary 405  
 seated;  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the Blacksmith.  
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
 Michael the Fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of  
 waistcoats.  
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler 410  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the  
 embers.  
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,  
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances 415

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.  
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter :  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons 420  
sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum  
beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the  
churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the  
headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly 425  
among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and case-  
ment,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the 430  
altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
“ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his Majesty’s orders.  
Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his  
kindness,  
Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. 435  
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,  
Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this  
province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! 440  
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty’s pleasure !”  
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and shatters his win-  
dows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the 445  
house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the  
speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway. 450  
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of  
the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the Blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he 455  
shouted,—

“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them  
allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our  
harvests ! ”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pave-  
ment.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, 460  
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;  
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and 465  
mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized  
you ?

Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and priva- 470  
tions ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you !  
 See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion ! 475  
 Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father, forgive  
 them !'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
 Let us repeat it now, and say, ' O Father, forgive them !' "  
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his  
 people  
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate out- 480  
 break ;  
 And they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father, forgive them !"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the  
 altar ;  
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people re-  
 sponded,  
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria  
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion 485  
 translated,  
 Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on  
 all sides  
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, 490  
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed  
 each  
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;  
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-  
 flowers ;  
 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from 495  
 the dairy,  
 And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.  
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial  
 meadows.  
 Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,— 500

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !  
 Then, all-forgotful of self, she wandered into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the  
     women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their 505  
     children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours  
 Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from  
     Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
 All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows 510  
 Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,  
 "Gabriel !" cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no answer  
 Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the  
     living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her  
     father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper 515  
     untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of  
     terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the neighbouring 520  
     thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he  
     created.

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of  
     Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till  
     morning.

#### V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse. 525  
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,

Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian  
women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-  
shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the 530  
woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-  
things.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and there on the  
sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ; 535  
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the  
churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the  
church-doors  
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy pro- 540  
cession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their  
country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-  
worn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
Down from the church to the shore amid their wives and their 545  
daughters.  
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,  
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—  
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience ! ”  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood 550  
by the wayside  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above  
them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—  
 Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her, 555  
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.  
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
 Clapsed she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and  
 whispered,—  
 “Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,  
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may 560  
 happen!”  
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her  
 father  
 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!  
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and  
 his footsteps  
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.  
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced 565  
 him,  
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.  
 Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful pro-  
 cession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.  
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion  
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw 570  
 their children  
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.  
 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.  
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the  
 twilight  
 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux ocean 575  
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach  
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-  
 weed.  
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,  
 Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, 580  
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.  
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their 585  
     pastures ;  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their  
     udders ;  
 Lowing, they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the  
     farm-yard,—  
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the  
     milkmaid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus  
     sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the 590  
     windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been  
     kindled,  
 Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the  
     tempest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of  
     children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, 595  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,  
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.  
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her  
     father,  
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or 600  
     emotion,  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
 Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he  
     spake not,  
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.  
 " *Benedicite !* " murmured the priest, in tones of compassion. 605  
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his  
     accents  
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a  
     threshold,



Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of  
sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,  
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them 610  
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of  
mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-  
red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and 615  
meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows  
together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the  
roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering 620  
hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,  
uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred  
house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on  
shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish, 625  
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-  
Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,  
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encamp- 630  
ments.

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the  
whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
 Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the  
     horses  
 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the 635  
     meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the  
     maiden  
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before  
     them ;  
 And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
 Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the  
     sea-shore,  
 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. 640  
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;  
 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude 645  
     near her.  
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon  
     her,  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. 650  
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—  
 " Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."  
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the 655  
     sea-side,  
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
 Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. 660  
 'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying land-  
     ward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;  
 And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,  
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in 665  
 ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ; 670  
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the  
 north-east

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of New-  
 foundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—  
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father 675  
 of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.  
 Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-  
 broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards. 680  
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,  
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered 685  
 before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.  
 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, un-  
 finished ;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within  
 her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavour ; 695

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and  
 tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its  
 bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. 700

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and  
 known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said they ; "Oh, yes ! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the Blacksmith, and both have gone to the  
 prairies ;

*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers." 705

"Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said others ; "Oh, yes ! we have seen him:

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say,—“Dear child ! why dream and wait for  
 him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ? 710

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“I cannot.

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not 715  
 elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the  
 pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile,—“O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh within  
 thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ; 720

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish thy work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. 725

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven !”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline laboured and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, 730  
“Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer’s footsteps ;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course through the valley : 735

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet. 740

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked 745

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. 750

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with  
forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume- 755  
like  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the  
current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their  
margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river, 760  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual  
summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. 765  
They, too, swerved from their course ; and entering the Bayou of  
Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the  
cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 770  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water, 775  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the  
arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a  
ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around  
them ;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sad-  
ness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. 780  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly 785  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moon-  
light.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a  
phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oars- 790  
men,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on  
his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast  
rang,

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the 795  
music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the  
silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the mid- 800  
night,

Silent at times, and then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.

And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the  
desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim 805  
alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ; and  
before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 810  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms;  
 And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended. 815  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the green-  
 sward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape- 820  
 vine  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to  
 blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven 825  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.  
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver. 830  
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and care-  
 worn.  
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness  
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow. 835  
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,  
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the  
 willows,  
 And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the  
 sleepers.



Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. 840  
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—“O Father Felician!  
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. 845  
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?”  
 Then, with a blush, she added,—“Alas for my credulous fancy!  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.”  
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he 850  
 answered,—

“Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward, 855  
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St.  
 Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her  
 bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens 860  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their  
 journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; 865  
 Twinkling vapours arose; and sky and water and forest  
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. 870  
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music, 875  
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision, 880  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green  
 Opelousas,  
 And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland, 885  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling ;—  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches  
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, 890  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported, 895  
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals. 900  
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
 Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,  
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway 905  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with cordage of grape-vines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish  
 sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master. 915  
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded 920  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the  
 evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance. 925  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of  
 the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet  
 him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;  
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith. 930  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly  
 embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts and mis- 935  
 givings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowherè encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, 940  
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. 945  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, 950  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover; 955  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against  
him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the Fiddler. 960  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"  
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway 965  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.  
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith, 970  
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour;  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would  
take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda, 975  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors, 980  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering  
lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they 985  
listened :—

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless  
and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the  
old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;  
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.  
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through 990  
the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass  
grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the  
prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber  
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses. 995  
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with  
harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your  
homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and  
your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,  
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table, 1000  
So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.  
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and  
gayer :—

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !  
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, 1005

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell ! ”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching  
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,  
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman. 1010

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as  
strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.

But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding 1015

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the  
herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness. 1025

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the  
moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit. 1030

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden

Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and  
confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and  
night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical  
moonlight 1085

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-  
trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers. 1040

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies, 1045  
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around 1050  
me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!  
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"  
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded  
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring 1055  
thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of  
darkness:

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “To-morrow!”

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses 1060  
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
“Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;  
“See that you bring back the Prodigal Son from his fasting and  
famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was  
coming.”

“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil 1065  
descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.  
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and  
gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before  
them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, 1070  
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and  
uncertain

Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate  
country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous 1075  
landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a 1080  
gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and the Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, 1085  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful  
prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine, 1090  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk, and the roebuck;  
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses:  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, 1095



Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of the savage 1100  
     marauders ;  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running  
     rivers ;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.  
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp- 1110  
     fire  
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,  
 When they had reached the place, they found only embers and  
     ashes.  
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were  
     weary,  
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished 1115  
     before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered  
 Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
 Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.  
 She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, 1120  
 Where her Canadian husband, a *Coureur-des-Bois*, had been  
     murdered.  
 Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and  
     friendliest welcome  
 Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among  
     them  
 On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions, 1125  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and  
the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering  
fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapt up in  
their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, 1130

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her, 1135

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the  
Mowis ;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden, 1140

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the  
forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incan-  
tation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom, 1145

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the  
twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened 1150

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the en-  
chantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour

Touching the sombre leaves and embracing and filling the wood- 1155  
land.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a  
secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. 1160  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom  
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the 1165  
Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western slope of these  
mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black-Robe Chief of the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus.  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they  
hear him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, 1170  
“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!”  
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the  
mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission. 1175  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black-Robe Chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches 1180  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen 1185  
From the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the  
sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them

Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the  
maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the  
teacher.

Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity answered :—

“ Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 1195  
Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey ! ”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of  
kindness ;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-  
flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“ Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest ; “ but in 1200  
autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the morrow,  
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and com- 1205  
panions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—

Days, and weeks, and months ; and the fields of maize that were  
springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving  
above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-  
field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover. 1215

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy prayer  
will be answered!

Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;  
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey 1220  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter 1225  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of  
nepenthe.”

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel  
came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and  
blue-bird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood,—yet Gabriel came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted 1230  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom  
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.  
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. 1235  
When, over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
Found she the hunter’s lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and  
places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;— 1240  
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey; 1245  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her  
forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, 1250  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty, 1255  
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they  
molested.

There from the troubled sea had Eyangeline landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed, 1260  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a  
stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her  
footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning 1270  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below  
her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway,  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the 1275  
distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.

Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but trans- 1280  
figured ;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices, .

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight, 1290

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman  
repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the 1295  
suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but 1300  
an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ; 1305

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—

Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-  
lands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket, 1310

Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord : "The poor ye always have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour, 1315  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and 1320  
 silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and  
 beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors cooled by the 1325  
 east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry  
 of Christ Church,

And intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church  
 at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit :  
 Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials are ended ;” 1330

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the 1335  
 roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her  
 presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.  
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the Consoler, 1340  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time ;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
 Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder



Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow'rets dropped from 1345  
her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ; 1350

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;  
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, 1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, 1360

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

"Gabriel ! O my beloved !" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them, 1365

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under their  
shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision:

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered 1370

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would  
have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee !" 1380

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them, 1385  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their  
labours,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its 1390  
branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ; 1395  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.



## NOTES TO EVANGELINE.

### HISTORICAL NOTE.

Acadie was the name given to Nova Scotia and a large part of the mainland so long as they were French possessions. It was first discovered in 1497 by John and Sebastian Cabot, who were authorized by Henry VII. to set up the royal banner in all new territories discovered by them, and to take possession of them in the name of England. By the International Law of those days, the English had thus the first claim upon the province. But the first attempt at colonizing it was made in 1604 by De Monts, who, at the head of a French expedition, tried to form French settlements at Port Royal, now known as Annapolis, at St. Croix, and at other places, until the English colonists of Virginia made a descent upon them, claimed the territory for England in right of its discovery by the Cabots, and in 1614 expelled them from the soil. The Cabots had included the land under the general name of *Terra Primum Visa*, "The Land First Seen," but the French colonists gave it the more definite name of *Acadie*. In 1621 Sir William Alexander obtained from the English crown a grant of the whole province, and it was named in the patent *Nova Scotia* (New Scotland), in supersession of the French name *Acadie*, often Anglicized *Acadia*. Alexander's attempt to colonize the country on a large scale was frustrated by the French in 1623. In 1654 Cromwell despatched a strong force thither under Major-General Sedgwick, ousted the French, and asserted the supremacy of England. The province was, however, formally ceded to France by the Treaty of Breda in 1667, and a large French population gradually found its way thither. England, as one of the three powers of the Grand Alliance, was at war with France from 1701 till the conclusion of peace by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. In 1710, General Nicholson was accordingly sent against Acadie and conquered it, and by the Treaty of Utrecht France relinquished all claim to the country in favour of England, and the French Acadians became

English subjects. They were then required to take an oath of allegiance to George I., but after a delay of seventeen years all they could be induced to do was to take an oath merely recognizing the King of England as sovereign of Acadie, and promising him fidelity and obedience.

When Acadie was handed over to England by the Treaty of Utrecht, the French and English could not agree as to its boundaries. The English held that Acadie comprised not only the peninsula of Nova Scotia, but the whole of the mainland from the St. Croix River north to a point opposite the junction of the Saguenay with the St. Lawrence. The French maintained that the name, of right, belonged to only about one-twentieth of this territory, and did not cover even the whole of the peninsula, but only its southern coast, with an adjoining belt of wilderness. Yet when the French themselves owned Acadie, they always assigned it the comprehensive boundaries then claimed for it by England. But the practical boundary was the Missaguash stream, which intersects nearly the whole breadth of the isthmus of Chignecto that connects the peninsula with the province of New Brunswick. Across this stream neither party might go without risk of reprisals. On the hill of Beauséjour, some two miles west of the Missaguash, a French fortress stood to watch the English frontier and excite disaffection among the Acadians. On the eastern side of the stream the English built and garrisoned Fort Lawrence.

War broke out in 1754 between the French and English colonists in America. The French, who then held Canada, Prince Edward Island which they called *Isle St. Jean* (see Map), and Cape Breton Island which they called *Isle Royale* (see Map), were preparing to invade Nova Scotia, and calculated, not unreasonably, on the support of the Acadians. In view of the approaching hostilities, some 3000 Acadians were compelled by French influence to emigrate to Beauséjour, and they left their homes with reluctance. About 9000 still remained, and from these Governor Lawrence demanded an oath of allegiance as complete as that required of other British subjects. This demand was flatly refused. They urged that, when they took the oath of *fidelity* in 1730, the word *allegiance* was deliberately omitted, and that Governor Phillips had at the same time given them an assurance that they should not be required to bear arms against either French or Indians; and in fact no such service had been demanded of them. They claimed, in short, to stand in the position of "Neutrals." This claim might have been allowed had it been justified by facts. But it was far from being true. They had really supplied the French with provisions and ammunition, although they refused these to the English, or if they did supply them, had exacted for them three times the usual price. They

had helped the Indians to molest and kill English settlers, and many of them had openly joined the French enemy. This was the position of affairs when hostilities commenced in Acadie.

In June 1755 a force of 2000 volunteers from New England sailed up the Bay of Fundy under Monckton and Winslow, and, joining the English garrison of Fort Lawrence, laid siege to Beauséjour, and on the 16th of the month planted the British flag on its ramparts. Fort Gaspereau, to the north, surrendered without fighting, and all Acadie passed into the hands of the English.

When the siege of Beauséjour was in progress, Governor Lawrence thought the right time had come to insist on the oath of allegiance, but the deputies from Grand-Pré and the other districts firmly declined it, and were even insolent enough to demand back the firearms that had recently been taken from them. They were informed that affairs had now reached such a crisis that they must either pledge themselves without further equivocation to be true to the British crown, or else must leave the country. Then the deputies present, representing nine-tenths of the Acadian population of the peninsula, finally and resolutely declared that they would rather lose their lands than take the oath of allegiance. They had to be taken at their word.

It was likely that the French would make a strong effort to recover the peninsula, as they would be sure of the support of the great body of its disaffected inhabitants. The Acadians had now finally refused the only terms on which they could be allowed to remain, and refused them firmly and with their eyes open to all the consequences of their action. If they were sent to Canada, Cape Breton, or the neighbouring islands, they would strengthen the hands of the French, and still threaten the province. It was therefore resolved to distribute them among the various English colonies, and to hire vessels for that purpose with all possible speed. Lawrence sent orders to Winslow to secure as prisoners all the male inhabitants of Grand-Pré and the surrounding districts until transports arrived. Winslow, with 297 of his New England volunteers, sailed on August 14th for the Basin of Minas, but did not go direct to Grand-Pré. He first proceeded to Fort Edward (see Map) where the town of Windsor now stands, in the extreme south-eastern corner of the Basin, to concert a joint plan of action with Murray. Before the end of August he took up his quarters at Grand-Pré, using the village church as a store-house and place of arms, the graveyard as a camp, and the priest's house as his own residence. Thence he issued a summons, dated September 2nd, calling upon all the male inhabitants of Grand-Pré and the surrounding districts to attend at the church at Grand-Pré on Friday, September 5th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to learn the king's pleasure concerning their future.

Four hundred and eighteen males responded to the summons, and Longfellow's version of the address then delivered by Winslow is substantially accurate. Their property, with the exception of their money and furniture, was forfeited to the Crown, without compensation. They were retained as prisoners in the church, but as a concession it was arranged that the Acadians should choose twenty of their number each day to revisit their homes and comfort their families, the rest being held answerable for their return. On Wednesday, September 10th, Winslow, observing ominous symptoms among the prisoners, who greatly outnumbered their captors, and fearing a sudden rush, resolved to place fifty of them on board each of the five Boston vessels lying in the harbour, until the arrival of provisions and transports enabled him to arrange for a general embarkation. The young unmarried men, as being the most dangerous, were sent first to the number of 141, and married men to the number of about 100 followed. The prisoners were offered the king's rations, but preferred to be supplied by their own families, who were allowed to go in boats and visit them every day. But there was a long and painful suspense. Several weeks passed, with half the prisoners in the church and half on the vessels in the harbour, their families all the while supplying them with food, before the Government transports and provisions arrived. At last seven transports came from Annapolis. Haliburton, followed by Longfellow, wrongly represents the men that were first put on board, when resistance was feared, as having been sent away at once. It was not till October 8th, the first day of the general embarkation, when women and children also were put on board, that the first transport left the harbour. As other transports slowly arrived, the dismal scene was repeated at intervals. Winslow reported on November 3rd that he had sent off 1510 persons in nine vessels and that more than 600 still remained in his district. The last of these did not embark till late in December. Winslow's treatment of the prisoners, with whom he deeply sympathized, was as humane as was possible under the circumstances. They and their families were divided into groups corresponding to their several villages, so that members of the same family might remain together, and that people from the same village might, as far as possible, go in the same vessel. In spite of his great care, however, some few cases of separation of families did actually occur, of which the Acadians afterwards complained in their petition to the King, and of which Longfellow's fictitious characters, Basil the Blacksmith and his son Gabriel are typical examples. When all, or nearly all, the Acadians had been sent off from the various points of departure, such of the houses and barns as remained standing were burned down, as Lawrence had directed, so that those who had escaped might be forced

to come in and surrender. Winslow sent off from Grand-Pré and the adjacent country over 2000 persons ; and the whole number of Acadians removed from the province was over 6000. Monckton superintended the removal at Beauséjour, Major Handfield at Annapolis, and Murray at Fort Edward, where similar scenes were enacted. The rest of the Acadians fled across the frontier, or escaped into the interior at the time, and were not interfered with afterwards. The exiles were distributed among the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia, the master of each transport bearing a letter from Lawrence addressed to the Governor of the province to which he was bound. No special provision was made for their reception in the Colonies, but they were left to shift for themselves on the coasts on which they were turned adrift. Many of the exiles eventually reached Louisiana, where their descendants now form a numerous and distinct population. Some were sent from Virginia to England, others found refuge in France. Some, after incredible hardships, found their way back to Acadie, where, after the peace concluded by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, they remained unmolested, and, with those who had eluded arrest, became the progenitors of the present Acadians. These are now settled in various parts of the Canadian maritime provinces, notably along the western and northern coasts of Nova Scotia, at Arichat and elsewhere in Cape Breton Island, in parts of Prince Edward Island, on the north coast of New Brunswick, and in the Madawaska district on the upper St John River.

The history of Nova Scotia, after the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, is briefly told. In 1758 the province received a new constitution. By the Treaty of Paris in 1763, France finally resigned in favour of England all claim to her American possessions, including Nova Scotia. In 1819 Cape Breton Island was brought under the government of Nova Scotia ; and by the Act of Confederation, which came into operation on July 1st, 1867, Nova Scotia, thus enlarged, became one of the provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

The refusal of the Acadians to take the full oath of allegiance is to be attributed partly to a fixed belief that the English would not carry out the threat of expulsion ; partly to the intolerable position in which they would be placed, as a consequence of the oath, by the possibility of being called upon at any time to bear arms against the Indians or against their own countrymen ; and partly to religious prejudice. As they had successfully evaded the oath of allegiance for forty-two years, from the Treaty of Utrecht to the siege of Beauséjour, they thought that the English would not be likely to adopt extreme measures now more than at any previous time. If they undertook to aid the English against the Indians, the savages would pursue them with unrelenting vengeance, and



they would have no further security for person or property ; while the mere possibility of having to bear arms against the French, who were their own fellow-countrymen, was repugnant to the feelings of human nature. Finally, in that age of religious rancour, they feared to take part with "heretics" against the King of Catholic France, whose cause they had been taught to regard as the cause of God.

In defence of England, it has to be remembered that the Acadians, although living in English territory, could not be regarded as English subjects after they had finally and irrevocably declined to take the full oath of allegiance. They refused to supply English garrisons with provisions except at the most exorbitant prices ; they smuggled their produce to the French beyond the border, and gave them aid and intelligence ; sometimes, in the guise of Indians, they robbed and murdered English settlers ; and finally they went so far as, openly and in large numbers, to join the French against the English in the field. While claiming to be "Neutrals," they were thus in reality an enemy encamped in the heart of the province, and their presence was always a standing invitation to a French invader ; and a French invasion, supported by the Acadians, would have wrested Nova Scotia from England. These are the reasons, completely ignored by Longfellow, which explain and palliate, if they do not completely justify, the expulsion of the Acadians.

This brief sketch is based upon the latest researches. Longfellow followed the only history available in his time, that of Haliburton, an uncritical writer, whose work contains numerous errors. From the foregoing narrative, which gives the true story of the expulsion of the Acadians, it will be seen that the poet does not adhere to actual dates and facts, but only selects such of them as are best suited to the uses of poetry.

*Authorities* : —1. *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by T. C. Haliburton. Halifax, N.S., 1829. 2 vols.

2. *A Geographical Description of the State of Louisiana*, by William Darby. 2nd edition. New York, 1817.

3. *Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia*, edited by Thomas B. Akins, D.C.L., Commissioner of Public Records, published by the Government of Nova Scotia. Halifax, N.S., 1869.

4. *History of Louisiana*, by Charles Gayarré. New Orleans, 1885 (3rd edition, 4 vols.).

5. *Montcalm and Wolfe*, by Dr. Francis Parkman, the eminent American historian recently deceased (2 vols., London, 1885).

6. *A Half Century of Conflict*, by the same author (2 vols., London, 1892).

1-6. The forest referred to covered the hills behind Grand-Pré.

1. *primeval* [Lat. *primævus*; *primum* first, and *ævum* age], original, belonging to the earliest ages of the world. The epithet *murmuring* is said to be happily descriptive of this forest.

2. bearded . . . moss, metaphoric for "overgrown with moss," "moss-grown."

3. Druids, the priests of the Ancient Celts, especially of Gaul and Britain. Their ritual and learning were orally transmitted as among the Brahmins. They practised magic arts, taught the transmigration of souls, the stars and their motions, the earth and the nature of things, and the powers and attributes of the gods. Their rites were conducted in oak-groves, and they regarded the oak and the mistletoe growing on it with peculiar veneration. [Latin *Druides* or *Druidæ*; from Old Irish *drui* magician.]

*eld*, antiquity, the olden time. *Poetic, archaic, and northern* variant form of *old* (noun). Cp. Scotch forms *ald* and *auld*. [A.S. *eldo*, abstract noun from *ald*, *eald*, old (adj.).]

4. For an excellent description of "the last" of these old *harpers* or *minstrels*, see Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Introduction.

5. ocean. Not the Atlantic, nor the Bay of Fundy, but the Basin of Minas, a vast expanse of water, on the southern shore of which stood the village of Grand-Pré. It is called "deep-voiced" because its roaring tides rapidly rise to the enormous height of from 60 to 70 feet, sometimes even to 100 feet, and subside as rapidly.

6. The surrounding scenery laments the destruction of the once prosperous village. Personal metaphor.

8. Onomatopœia. Suggested, perhaps, by Homer, *Iliad*, xxiii. 116: πολλὰ δ'ἀνάντα κάτωτα παράντα τε δόχμια τ'ἄλθον; and by Vergil, *Aeneid*, viii. 596: *Quadrupedanti putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*. The former [*Polla d'anunta katanta paranta te dochmia t'elthon*] means "Uphill and downhill and sideways and crosswise the noisy stampede went": the latter, "Horsehoofs with four-footed clatter resound o'er the friable common."

18. *sung*. Personal metaphor again. Cp. l. 6 above.

19. *Acadie*. "In the earliest records Acadie is called Cadie; afterwards it was called Arcadia, Accadia, or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Micmac Indians, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words to indicate the place where various things, such as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into Codie or Acadie; the English into Quoddy, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound Passamaquoddy, or Pollock-Ground."—H. E. SCUDDER, in *Longfellow's Works*, Riverside Edition.

## I.

20. Minas, pronounced Meenas, is still frequently called by its older French name, *Mines*.

21. Grand-Pré village was the chief Acadian settlement in the Grand-Pré district on the southern shore of the Basin of Minas. The village consisted of small low wooden houses scattered at intervals for a distance of a mile and a half.

23-25. "Agriculture had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling with dikes the sea and rivers which covered these plains . . . . At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks."—HALIBURTON, i. 170-171.

23. name. French *grand* great, and *pré* meadow.

25. turbulent tides. See note to line 5 above.

29. Blomidon, or Blomedon, is a cape of red sandstone about 400 ft. high, in King's County, on the western side of, and at the entrance to, the Basin of Minas. A vessel entering the basin would first pass Cape Split, then Cape Blomidon, and thence proceed in a southward direction to Grand-Pré.

forests old. Northerly offshoots of the "forest primeval" (ll. 1 and 7).

30. pitched their tents, settled. Military metaphor, continued in station, l. 31.

33-4. "Their habitations, which were constructed of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as substantial farmers' houses in Europe."—HALIBURTON, i. 171.

frames, skeleton structures serving both as models and supports for the houses. For *chestnut* the latest edition reads *hemlock*.

34. the Henries ruled in France during our Elizabethan age,—Henri II. 1547-1559; Henri III. 1574-1589; Henri IV. 1589-1610.

35. with dormer-windows. The sloping roofs of the houses were covered with thatch, not with slates or tiles as mostly in Europe, nor with slabs or cement as in Asia; and they contained *dormer-windows*, i.e., vertical windows placed in small gables and usually leading into sleeping-rooms, whence the name. O.Fr. *dormeor*, Lat. *dormitorium*, a dormitory, sleeping-room. See illustration in Webster's *International Dictionary*.

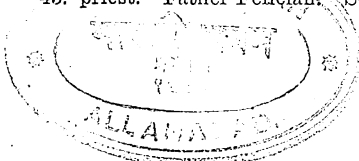
36. basement, the ground floor or lowest storey, which in these houses would be level with the street.

37. There. Outside in the shaded doorways, under the projecting gables.

39. kirtles, outer garments with skirts, outer petticoats. A.S. *cyrtel*, Icel. *skyrtu*, skirt.

41. gossiping. The noise of the looms indoors was increased by the gossip of the weavers. Transferred epithet.

43. priest. Father Félicien. See l. 120.



45. reverend, treated with the affectionate respect due to him as their pastor.

48. belfry, the bell-tower attached to the church. Middle English *berfray* was, by dissimilation, changed into *belfray* and then *belfry*, and was popularly associated with *bell*, with which it has no connexion. From Old Germ. *bergfrid*, *bercfrut*; from *bergen*, to protect, defend, and O.H.G. *fridu*, peace, security,—the whole meaning “a protecting or defensive place of shelter.” The word originally meant a penthouse to ward off missiles from its occupants in siege operations.

49. *Angelus*, a devotional exercise commemorating the mystery of the Incarnation of Christ, consisting of three versicles and three responses, and the prayer called the Angelic Salutation or “Hail Mary” thrice repeated, said by Catholics thrice a day, at morning, noon, and sunset, at the sound of a bell rung for that purpose. It takes its name from the first word of the first versicle, *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*. Here the *Angelus bell* is meant.

60. goodly, extensive.

62. stalworth, strong. This form of the word is now rarely used, the modern form being “stalwart.”

68. This simile has been objected to, not without reason.

72. as, used here to introduce a simile, and not as an adverb of time.

hyssop, a plant furnishing the twigs used in the Mosaic purificatory and sacrificial rites, believed by some to be marjoram, by others the caper-bush, and by others again the name of any common article in the form of a brush or broom. Here applied to the brush used by the priest in sprinkling the congregation with holy water. Lat. and Greek *hyssopus*, from Hebrew *ezôph*, an aromatic plant.

74. chaplet of beads, a circular string of beads used for counting prayers, one-third of the length of a rosary.

missal, a Latin book containing the Catholic service of the Mass for the entire year. It is used here loosely for “prayer book,” as the daughter of an Acadian farmer would not be likely to know Latin.

75. Norman cap, a tall pyramidal cap of white muslin worn by the peasant women of Normandy.

76. the olden time. For the French colonization of Acadie, see *Historical Note*.

79. confession, or more fully *sacramental* or *auricular confession*, is the confessing of sins to a priest as a religious duty. This, with contrition for sin and penitential exercises, forms the Catholic Sacrament of Penance.

81. This line has always been admired for its exquisite beauty.

83. commanding the sea, overlooking the Basin of Minas.

87. *penthouse*, a projecting shed or roof. A popular corruption of an older English word *pentice*, now obsolete, abbreviated from Old French *apentis*, *appentis*, "a penthouse," from Lat. *appendicium*, an appendage.

88. Prose order :—"sees by the roadside in remote regions."

89. *blessed* . . . *Mary*. The Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus, called also "the Blessed Virgin," is meant. "Blessed," in the text, may be a transferred epithet; or perhaps the poet regarded the image as hallowed by religious dedication.

94. in . . . *seraglio*. Among the turkey hens. Humorous metaphor, suggested by the word *turkey* and the practice of the Turks. The turkey is so called because it was at first wrongly believed to have come originally from the empire of *Turkey*. It is really a native of America, whence it was introduced into Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

96. After the Last Supper, Jesus told his disciples that they would all deny him. Peter declared that though all the rest might do so, he would not. Jesus replied that he would deny him thrice that very night before the cock crew. Soon after this Jesus was seized and led to the court of the high priest; and all his disciples fled, but Peter followed him afar off, even to the court. On being questioned there, he three times denied all knowledge of Jesus, and immediately after his third denial the cock crew. Peter then remembered the words of Jesus, and going out wept bitterly.—*Matthew*, xxvi. 31-75.

102. *mutation*, change (of wind and weather).

105. *missal*, prayer-book. See note to l. 74 above.

106. *saint* . . . *devotion*, the angelic being whose presence engrossed all his thoughts when he should have been invoking the intercession of the saints in heaven.

107. *hem* . . . *garment*. A Biblical reminiscence. "And they besought him (Jesus) that they might *touch but the hem of his garment*. And as many as touched were made whole."—*Matthew*, xiv. 36.

111. The Indian student will call to mind the feast of "the god of the village."

117-18. Tubal-cain is mentioned in *Genesis* (iv. 23), as the first of the craft. The Greek god Hephaistos and the Roman god Vulcanus were regarded as skilled artificers.

121. *pedagogue* is used here for "schoolmaster," but now commonly means "pedant."

122. *plain-song* or *plain chant* is the Gregorian Chant, the prescribed melody of the Catholic service, sung in unison, in tones of equal length, and rarely extending beyond the compass of an octave.

133. *nuns* . . . *chapel*. Metaphor from life in a convent. The

bright rows of sparks disappearing in the ashes resembled a procession of nuns seen on its way through a cloister, and finally disappearing in the convent chapel.

135. down . . . bounding. This pastime is commonly called "tobogganing."

137. wondrous stone. See note to l. 280 below.

144. St. Eulalie. The St. Eulalie referred to here was a Christian virgin who suffered martyrdom at Barcelona in Spain, when Dacian was governor, in the fierce persecution of the Christians for which the last two years (303-305 A.D.) of Diocletian's reign are infamous in history. "She is the titular saint of many churches, and her name is given to several villages of Guienne and Languedoc and other neighbouring provinces. . . . Sainte-Aulaire and Sainte-Aulaye are the names of two ancient French families taken from this saint."—ALBAN BUTLER, *Lives of the Saints*. Her festival falls on February 12th. She is not to be confused with St. Eulalie of Merida, the chief town of Lusitania in Spain, whose festival falls on December 10th. Pluquet, in his *Contes Populaires . . . de l'Arrondissement de Bayeux* (p. 130, 2nd edition, Rouen, 1834), has the following :—

"Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie  
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie"—

which means, "If the sun shines on St. Eulalie's day, there will be apples and cider to distraction (i.e., without end)."

147. For *full* of the latest edition reads *with*.

## II.

148. Here follows a vivid description of the North American season known as "The Fall," i.e., autumn, when the leaves *fall*. See l. 158, "Such was the advent of autumn." On October 23rd, about the middle of the North American autumn, "the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters," and then begins "that beautiful season called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints." Hence it appears that the poet regards the meeting in the church and the arrest of the Acadians as having taken place *after* October 23rd. They really took place on September 5th; and Winslow and his men had arrived with their ships at Grand-Pré and encamped in the churchyard before the end of August.

149. retreating, departing from *northern* latitudes.

sign . . . Scorpion. The eighth sign of the Zodiac. The sun enters this sign annually about October 23rd, on leaving the sign of Libra. The Zodiac is an imaginary belt in the heavens, in the

middle of which is the Ecliptic or path of the sun ; and it comprises the twelve constellations after which the twelve signs of the Zodiac are named. See illustrations in Webster's *International Dictionary*, p. 1935.

151. desolate . . . bays, e.g., Baffin Bay and Hudson Bay.

tropical islands. All the West India Islands, with the single exception of the Northern Bahamas, are in the tropics.

153. Jacob . . . angel. The reference is to *Genesis*, xxxii. 24-32, where Jacob's wrestling with an angel is mentioned.

158. advent of autumn. Autumn is reckoned astronomically from the descending equinox to the winter solstice, i.e., in the northern hemisphere, from September 21st to December 21st. Popularly the North American autumn, which is here meant, comprises the three months of September, October, and November.

159. the Summer of All-Saints is a second or autumnal summer, popularly regarded as lasting about thirty days and as beginning when "the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters," i.e., on October 23rd. It is variously called "the Indian summer" [*Americo-Indian* is meant], "St Luke's little Summer," "All Saints" or "Halloween Summer," and "St Martin's Summer." St Luke's day falls on October 18th, All Saints on November 1st, and St Martin's on November 11th. Observe that "All-Saints," though usually written as two separate words, is here written as one compound word connected by a hyphen, the accent falling on the first syllable. This is in imitation of *Toussaint*, the single word for "All Saints" which would be used by the French Acadians.

170. plane-tree . . . jewels. "This beautiful and precious tree was so doated on by Xerxes that Aelian and other authors tell us he made a halt and stopped his prodigious army of 1,700,000 soldiers . . . to admire the pulchritude (*beauty*) and procerity (*height*) of one of them ; and became so fond of it that, spoiling both himself . . . and (*his*) great persons of all their jewels, he covered it with gold, gems, necklaces, scarfs, and bracelets, and infinite riches."—EVELYN, *Silva* (ii. 58-9, York, 1812). Herodotus (vii. 31) says that Xerxes, who is "the Persian" referred to in the text, put the tree under the care of one of his "Immortals."

176. Compare Una and her milk-white hind in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and Emily and her white doe in Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*.

188. The *manes* and *fetlocks* are specially mentioned because of the greater length of the hair in the mane, and in the tuft that grows at the fetlock-joint.

191. The hollyhock is a tall biennial ornamental herb, otherwise known as the rose-mallow, with flowers of all shades from white to dark purple. Hence the propriety of the simile.

197. For *creaking* the latest edition reads *jarring*.



205. pewter. From the Italian *peltro*, which in turn is believed to be derived from the English *spelter*, pewter, zinc.

207. carols of Christmas, songs or hymns of joy sung at Christmas in celebration of the Nativity of Christ. Many etymologists agree with Diez in tracing *carol* to the Greek and Latin word *chorus*; others, assuming "ring" to be the original sense of the noun, trace it back to the Latin *corolla*, "a little crown, coronet, garland." The original sense would thus be "a ring dance with the accompaniment of song." See Murray's *New English Dictionary*.

212. its . . . its. The antecedent in each case is "loom."

213. the wheel, on which Evangeline was spinning flax.

bagpipe, a musical instrument of great antiquity now used chiefly in the Highlands of Scotland and by Scottish regiments abroad. "The modern Highland bagpipe," says Murray (*New English Dictionary*), "consists of a greased leathern bag, covered with flannel, inflated by blowing into a valved mouth-tube, and having three *drones* or bass pipes, and a *chanter* for the tenor or treble."

217. clock clicked. Alliterative and onomatopoeic.

220. hob-nailed shoes, heavy shoes with thick soles, the soles being provided with rows of short nails having large thick heads.

223. settle, a long seat or bench with a high back, a settee.

231. thou . . . ballad. "You are always ready with a joke and a song." For the latter see ll. 207-217 above.

The two following lines give us the first intimation of the troubles that lie before the Acadians.

234. picked . . . horse-shoe. It is a very old superstition that the finding of a horse-shoe brings good luck. Hence horse-shoes were formerly nailed over doors, and the horse-shoe device was, as it still is, popular in rings, brooches, breastpins, bracelets, and other ornaments.

237. No doubt many discussions of the kind here represented took place after the arrival of the English troops. The ships with Winslow and his men on board arrived at the mouth of the Gaspereau, and the troops took up their quarters in Grand-Pré before the end of August; and, in obedience to Winslow's summons, the inhabitants assembled at the church on September 5th. But Longfellow regards all these events as occurring after October 23rd. See note to l. 148.

238. Grand-Pré stood on the southern shore of the Basin of Minas, at the mouth of the River Gaspereau.

246. would feed, wish to feed.

249. Louisbourg . . . Port Royal. Louisbourg was in its time the strongest fortress in North America, and stood on the south-east coast of Cape Breton Island. It was begun by the French shortly after the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), to command the fisheries and the approach by sea to Canada, then a French possession. Its forti-



fications were thirty years in building, cost over £1,000,000 sterling, and secured for it the name of "The Dunkirk of America." In 1744 a French expedition under Duvivier was sent from Louisbourg against Annapolis, then the English capital of Nova Scotia, but failed to capture the town. In revenge a New England expedition assailed and captured Louisbourg in 1745, but the fortress was restored to France by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Ten years later it was finally captured by the English and razed to the ground, and only a few fishermen now live in the once prosperous stronghold. What Basil, therefore, means is that the memory of the expedition, sent from Louisbourg against the English in Annapolis, and of the English blood shed in the siege and capture of Louisbourg itself in 1745, was still fresh in English minds, and might lead to hostile measures being adopted against the Acadians, as they were of French origin and sympathized with France.

Beauséjour was the name of a French fort erected on a hill some two miles west of the Missaguash, on the isthmus of Chignecto, to harass the English and excite the Acadians to disaffection. It had been besieged by the English under Monckton and Winslow and captured in the preceding June, and Winslow had now come thence to Grand-Pré. Many Acadians were found under arms in the fort, and this would also justify Basil's apprehensions.

Port Royal is a seaport on the west of Nova Scotia, on an arm of the Bay of Fundy, and is the oldest European settlement north of the Gulf of Mexico. It was established by the French in 1604 as the capital of their province of Acadie, and it retained its original French name of Port Royal till 1713, when it was made over to England by the Treaty of Utrecht. Then it was renamed *Annapolis Royal* in honour of Queen Anne, and in time the epithet "Royal" was dropped. It remained the seat of English government till 1750, when Halifax, which had been colonized by English settlers in 1749, became the new capital. The French had attacked it more than once since it fell into English hands. For one of these attacks, referred to by Basil, see note on *Louisbourg*.

259. contract, the marriage contract between Gabriel and Evangeline.

260-2. "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks."—HALIBURTON, i. 172, quoted from *Abbe Raynal*.

263. René Leblanc, "the notary public," is a real historical personage. He is mentioned more than once in the petition addressed to the king by the exiled Acadians.

## III.

269. *notary public* is here used in its former sense of a *scrivener*, whose occupation it was to draft contracts, deeds, and wills, and to attest declarations. A *notary public* now means "an officer duly commissioned and holding a seal of office, who is empowered by law to note protests and certify the same, administer oaths, take depositions, acknowledgment of deeds and other instruments, and to authenticate the same by his official certificate, signature, and seal."—*Standard English Dictionary*. It is no part of the work of a modern notary to draft contracts, as René Leblanc does here.

270. *shocks*, thick bushy masses.

*silken . . . maize*. Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of the American tropics. It has two kinds of flowers, male and female, distinct on the same stem,—the male in a panicle on the top called the *tassel*, the female in a spike called the *ear*. The *silk* consists of the pistils of the female flowers, here referred to as *silken floss*.

271. *glasses . . . bows*. Spectacles were invented in the thirteenth century and, as some believe, by Roger Bacon of gunpowder fame. These early spectacles were very clumsy both in frame and lenses. The frames were usually of horn but sometimes of tortoise-shell. It was not till the beginning of this century that any practical improvement took place in them, when the horn gave way to light metal, gold, or silver frames. *bows*, rims or rings holding the lenses in their place. Cp. *bail, boul*, and see Murray's *New English Dictionary*, *bow*, 11. a.

273-4. "René Leblanc's family, consisting of 20 children and about 150 grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York with only his wife and youngest children."—HALIBURTON, i. 194, *Petition of Acadicians to the King*.

274. This is metrically the worst line in the poem, but the poet's design probably was to make the last few words sound like the ticking of a watch.

275-6. See note to l. 303.

277. *all*, any.

279. For *but* the latest edition reads *and*.

280-6. Pluquet's *Contes Populaires . . . de l'Arrondissement de Bayeux* is the authority for all the popular superstitions here referred to. Pluquet's account is practically translated by Thomas Wright in his *Essays on the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages*. Wright acknowledges his obligation to the second edition of Pluquet's work published at Rouen in 1834. A comparison of Longfellow's verses with the original French of Pluquet and with Wright's work justifies the inference that Longfellow has borrowed from Wright rather than

direct from Pluquet. Pluquet gives the stories of the Loup-garou, the Goblin, and Létiche on pp. 13-16, and the rest on pp. 38-45. The following is Wright's account, i. 127-129 (London, 1846):—"The *Loup-garou*, the were-wolf of the older English, is a well-known creation of superstition—a man changed into a wolf. The people of Bayeux believe the transformation to last for three or seven years. . . . The *Goubelin* or *Gobelin* is our well-known domestic spirit [*the goblin*]; he takes up his residence at a farmhouse, where he leads out the horses to drink and feeds them. . . . The *Létiche* is a white animal that appears by night, quite harmless, and supposed to be the spirit of an infant that has died before baptism. . . . On Christmas night animals talk. . . . To find a horse-shoe is very lucky. The fever may be cured by carrying nine days on the breast a living spider shut up in a nutshell. If the eyes of one of the young of a swallow be put out, the mother bird will bring from the seashore a little stone which will immediately restore its sight; fortunate is the person who finds this little stone in the nest, for it is a miraculous remedy. . . . A sprig of trefoil which has by chance four leaves instead of three possesses the power of rendering the person invisible. So, in the North of England, the possession of a sprig of four-leaved clover is believed to give the power of seeing fairies and spirits, and of detecting witchcraft."

Pluquet thinks the *Létiche* is nothing else than the Norman ermine, a little animal of wonderful agility (*Contes Populaires*, p. 13).

287. lore . . . village. Large numbers of the Acadians had come from Normandy, and the folk-lore which Pluquet, at a later time, took down from oral tradition in the district of Bayeux in Normandy, would be already familiar to the inhabitants of Grand-Pré. *Writ* is archaic for *written*.

290. Father. This use of the word is rather French than English. It is a term of respect for an old man.

297. God's name! Abbreviation for "By God's name!" an oath.

298. Basil, angrily taking up the notary's "why" (l. 296), means that it is not at all necessary to look for minute reasons to justify the fear of an English attack.

303. Port Royal. Longfellow had no authority for the name of the fort, nor even for calling it an *old* fort as he does in l. 276. The following is his authority:—"After the settlement of Halifax (1749), we suffered many abuses and insults from your Majesty's enemies, more especially from the Indians in the interest of the French . . . and some [were] even carried away prisoners to Canada . . . particularly René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the

French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity."—HALIBURTON, i. 189, *Petition of Acadians to the King*.

As Port Royal (*Annapolis*) had been in English hands since 1713, René Leblanc could not have been imprisoned there by the French "after the settlement of Halifax" (1749); and as he was "carried away prisoner to Canada," or towards Canada, he was probably imprisoned in Fort Beauséjour, which was "the French fort" above all others, in the eyes of the Acadians.

305. For *whenever*, the latest edition reads *when his*.

306-325. A mediæval story, revived in modern times. The Italian poet Gherardini wrote the libretto, and Rossini composed the music, of an Italian opera on the same subject. This opera was first represented in 1817 at the theatre of *La Scala* in Milan. The same story was next treated in a French drama by Messrs. Caigniez and D'Aubigny; and subsequently in a French opera by M. Castil-Blaze, first represented at Lille in 1822. The Italian opera was called *La Gazza Ladra*, and the French one *La Pie Voleuse*. Both titles mean "The Thievish Magpie."

317. maid here means a female servant.

318. after form of trial, after a merely nominal trial. She was convicted merely because she had incurred suspicion and although there was no evidence against her.

345. the game of "draughts" or "checkers" is played with "men" on a chequered board. The board is a square containing sixty-four smaller squares, alternately white and black, running in rows of eight. Both players play on squares of the same colour, usually on the white. Each player has a set of twelve "men," one set being black, the other white. A "man" is said to be crowned when he reaches the farthest row on the enemy's side of the board, hence called "the king-row." Thus the row nearest to each player is a king-row. A "man" is crowned and becomes a "king" by having another "man" placed on top of him. "A breach is made in the king-row" when the defender is obliged to move forward one of his "men" from that row, thus allowing his opponent a chance of making a "king" by moving one of his men into the vacant square. See illustration of "Checkers" in Webster's *International Dictionary*.

346. lucky hit is the opposite of "unsuccessful manœuvre," in the same line.

348. embrasure, the converging slope of the sides of a window aperture as it recedes from the line of the interior wall of the house towards the wooden framework containing the window-panes, the window space being thus larger inside than outside. The *embrasure* would have a ledge on which two or more people could sit.

352. The conceit in this metaphor has been strongly condemned.

354. *curfew*. [Anglo-French *coeverfu* ; Old French *couvre-feu* ; Fr. *couver*, imperative of *couvrir* to cover+*feu* fire.] "A regulation in force in mediæval Europe by which at a fixed hour in the evening, indicated by the ringing of a bell, fires were to be covered over or extinguished ; also the hour of evening when this signal was given, and the bell rung for the purpose. Hence the practice of ringing a bell at a fixed hour in the evening, usually 8 or 9 o'clock, continued after the original purpose was obsolete, and often used as a signal in connexion with various municipal or communal regulations. The practice of ringing the bell still survives in many towns. The primary purpose of the curfew appears to have been the prevention of conflagrations arising from domestic fires left unextinguished at night. The earliest English quotations make no reference to the original sense of the word, the curfew being already in the 13th century merely the name for the ringing of the evening bell, and the time so marked. . . . The statement that the *curfew* was introduced into England by William the Conqueror as a measure of political repression has been current since the 16th century, but rests on no early historical evidence. See Freeman, *Norman Conquest* (1875), iii. 185, as to what 'seems to be the origin of the famous and misrepresented curfew.'" —Murray's *New English Dictionary*.

363. *through*. Omitted in the last edition.

371. *tides* are caused by the attraction of the moon.

381. Ishmael was the son of Abraham and Hagar. Sarah was Abraham's wife, and Hagar was an Egyptian bondwoman in her service. Despairing of children herself, Sarah gave her handmaid Hagar to her husband Abraham, as by the custom of those days her handmaid's children would be considered her own. When Hagar had conceived, she despised her mistress, and was consequently banished ; but after a time was allowed to return, and then gave birth to Ishmael. Sarah herself afterwards bore Abraham a son, Isaac, in her old age. Isaac now took precedence over Ishmael, the son of the bondwoman ; and, at the instigation of Sarah, Hagar and her son Ishmael were expelled from Abraham's encampment, so that the son of the bondwoman should not be heir with her own son Isaac. See *Genesis*, xvi. and xxi.

#### IV.

385-6. *Metaphor*. Hundreds of workmen noisily renewed their various labours in the golden light of the morning sun.

387-402. The peasants, old and young, come in from the surrounding country in obedience to the summons addressed by Colonel Winslow to all the inhabitants of the district, "both old men

and young men, as well as all the lads of 10 years of age," to attend at the church at Grand-Pré at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of this day.

404. For *bending with* the latest edition reads *stript of its*.

407. cider-press, a press in which the juice of crushed apples is expressed for cider.

408. gayest . . . waistcoats. This humorous conjunction is in the manner of Dickens, whom Longfellow knew and admired. Cp. "Then Mr Weller took his hat and his leave."

413. The following extract from Longfellow's *Diary* (April 29th, 1846) throws some light on this line :—"Looked over the *Recueil de Cantiques à l'usage des Missions*, &c., Quebec, 1833. A curious book in which the most ardent spiritual canticles are sung to common airs and dancing tunes [as now by the Salvation Army]. . . . Other airs are *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*, *Charmante Gabrielle*, *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*." Mr H. E. Scudder in the Riverside edition points out that *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* was a song written by Ducauroi, *maître de chapelle* of Henri IV. ; and that *Le Carillon de Dunquerque* [also spelt *Dunkerque* and *Dunkirk*] was a popular song sung to a tune played on the Dunkirk chimes. The original French songs are given in the Riverside edition, and the music may be found in *La Clé du Caveau*, by Pierre Capelle, Nos. 564 and 739. Paris : A. Cotellet.

424. autumn-leaves. The season was autumn. See l. 158 and note.

425. guard . . . ships. Colonel Winslow's soldiers had really been encamped in the churchyard since the arrival of the ships. See *Historical Note*.

427. brazen drums. Only the hollow cylinders of the drums would be made of brass. The ends, upon which the drummer beats with his drumsticks, would be of skin (parchment).

casement. "A frame or sash forming a window or part of a window, opening on hinges attached to the upright side of the frame in which it is fixed."—Murray's *New English Dictionary*.

430. commander. Colonel Winslow.

432-441. How closely Longfellow adheres to the language of Colonel Winslow's real address may be ascertained from the following copy of it :—

"Gentlemen,—I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand ; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province of Nova Scotia, who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions : what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species ; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and, therefore, without

hesitation shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops, that I have the honour to command."

434. make here means "disposition."

442. solstice of summer. The first point of the sign Cancer, at which the sun is farthest north of the equator, is called "the summer solstice" [Lat. *solstitium*, from *sol* the sun + *sistere* to cause to stand], because the sun then apparently stands still in its northward motion. This happens about June 21st. See illustrations in Appendix to Webster's *International Dictionary*, p. 1935.

443. sling, properly a short strap with two strings for hurling missiles, here used figuratively for "stroke." Cp. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."—*Hamlet*, iii. i. 58.

456. we . . . allegiance. This is strictly true. They had taken an oath of fidelity and obedience only. See *Historical Note*.

458. fain is an adverb and means "gladly," from A.S. *fægen*, glad. The Teutonic form of *fain* is *fag-i-na* (Fick, iii. 169), as if it were a past participle from the Teutonic base *fah*, to fit, suit. The termination *-n* or *-en* is the usual past participle suffix of strong verbs. See Skeat's *Principles of English Etymology*, First Series (*The Native Element*), pp. 266-7.

466. tocsin's alarum, a loud hurried peal rung out by a tocsin or alarum bell to give notice of danger or to attract attention. *Tocsin* is from O.Fr. *toqu-er*, to strike (originally a dialectic variety of *toucher*, to touch)+O.Fr. *sin* or *sing* (modern French *signe*) from Lat. *signum*, a sign, signal; and in mediæval Lat. "a bell." *Tocsin* is, therefore, "a striking of the signal-bell." *Alarum* is from O.Fr. *alarme*, which is again from Ital. *allarme*=*all' arme*! "To (the) arms!" It was originally a call summoning to arms; next, in all the languages adopting it, the name of the call or summons, "a signal calling upon men to arm"; and finally a warning sign of any kind to give notice of danger, or arrest attention.

The riotous clamour of the people in the church is compared to



the tocsin's alarum, and the measured words of the priest to the distinct striking of a clock.

472. Prince of Peace is one of the titles by which Christ is referred to in *Isaiah*, ix. 6:

474. A representation of the Crucifixion of Christ is to be found in all Catholic and in many Protestant Churches. The usual mode of representing it is by a crucifix or wooden cross to which the effigy of Christ is nailed.

476. When Jesus was nailed to the cross on Calvary, he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—*Luke*, xxiii. 34.

482. the evening service is called "Benediction."

484. Ave Maria are the opening words of a Latin prayer, and mean "Hail Mary!" The first part of the prayer consists of the Angelic Salutation to the Virgin (*Luke*, i. 28), combined with Elizabeth's Salutation to the Virgin (*Luke*, i. 42), recited as a devotional exercise. The second part was first sanctioned by Pius V. in 1568, and consists of a prayer to the Virgin as mother of God. The Ave Maria is always recited, not sung as Longfellow states.

485. with devotion translated, rapt in spiritual ecstasy.

486. Elijah, or Elias, as stated in the Old Testament, went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

498. ambrosial, divinely fragrant, perfumed as with ambrosia.

503. For *disconsolate*, the latest edition reads *mournful*.

507. When Moses descended with the tables of the law, from Mount Sinai, where he had held communion with God, his face shone so brightly that he had to veil it while speaking to the children of Israel. *Exodus*, xxxiv.

508. Angelus. See note to l. 49.

512. Gabriel would hear her cry, but could hold no communication with any one outside the church, as he was a prisoner.

513. "The graves of the dead" were outside in the churchyard. The interior of the church itself was "the gloomier grave of the living."

515. Smouldered, burnt away slowly without showing the fire. *Smouldered* is past tense like *stood* in the same line, and is an instance of poetical inversion for "the fire smouldered on the hearth."

518. For *whispering*, the latest edition reads *disconsolate*.

520. For *neighbouring*, the latest edition reads *echoing*.

522. See text, ll. 306-325.

## V.

The whole of this fifth canto of *Part I.* is taken up with the embarkation. According to Longfellow, this began on the fifth



and was completed on the sixth day after the meeting in the church. As a matter of fact and of history, the people assembled in the church on Friday, September 5th, 1775. On the following Wednesday (Sept. 10th), Winslow, fearing an outbreak, distributed all the young men and about 100 of the married men among the five Boston vessels then in the harbour, and a guard was placed in each vessel. The rest of the prisoners, at first about 170 in number, kept increasing as fresh arrests were made, and were detained in the church. But the first day of general embarkation, when women and children first went on board, and when men, women, and children were placed together by families and villages, was not till October 8th, one month and three days after the meeting in the church, and no vessel moved out of the harbour before that day. The embarkation thus begun went on at intervals as new transports arrived, and owing to want of transport accommodation it was not till near the end of December that the last vessel full of prisoners sailed out of the harbour. Longfellow would, however, be too hampered by adhering to actual dates and facts.

527. neighbouring hamlets, *e.g.*, the village of Minas and the settlements on the Rivers Canard and Habitant.

533. The River Gaspereau rises in Lake Gaspereau and flows northward into the Basin of Minas. Grand-Pré village lay at the mouth of the river.

536. the village. Grand-Pré.

545. church . . . shore. Haliburton states that the road from the church to the shore where the vessels lay at anchor was just one mile in length.

546. the young men: See *Historical Note*, p. 52.

547. the Catholic Missions. The particular Catholic Missions here alluded to are the French Catholic Missions of North America for converting the Amerigo-Indians to the Catholic faith. For the *chant* referred to, see *Recueil de Cantiques à l'usage des Missions* (Quebec, 1833), mentioned in note to l. 413 above.

551. psalm, here used vaguely for *chant* or *hymn*.

559-60. These words are an epitome of the whole poem. Mischances they have in abundance, both of them; but these serve only to purify their nature and intensify their love. They are bound to each other by a high and holy "affection that hopes and endures and is patient," until, as Gilfillan says, Evangeline's love for Gabriel becomes identified with her longing for Heaven itself.

570. "Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again."—*Petition of Acadians to the King*. It should, however, be remarked that Colonel Winslow did his best to prevent this, and that only a few cases of the kind really occurred.

575. haste . . . reffluent ocean. See note to l. 5 above.

577. kelp differs from ordinary seaweed by being large, coarse, and blackish, and frequently burned for the chemical salts contained in its ashes.

579. gipsy. "A member of a wandering race known in Western Europe from 1417, and now in every part of the world. In language and origin the Gipsies are probably Hindus. They speak a corrupt Sanskrit dialect, and are dark-skinned, dark-eyed, lithe and sinewy. They are nomadic, living largely in tents, huts, or caves, and are generally fortune-tellers, musicians, cattle-dealers, or tinkers."—*Standard English Dictionary*. "There lies in 'gipsy,' or Egyptian, the assumption that Egypt was the original home of this strange people, as was widely believed when they made their first appearance in Europe early in the 15th century. That this, however, was a mistake, their language leaves no doubt; proclaiming as it does that they are wanderers from a more distant East, an outcast tribe from Hindostan."—TRENCH, *On the Study of Words*, pp. 152-3.

leaguer, a camp. [Dutch *leger*, a camp.]

580. Nominative absolute. "All escape being cut off on one side by the sea, and on the other side by the sentinels who were near them."

587. bars, barriers closing the entrance to the farmyards. Movable bars fitting into grooves in a bar-post may have been used instead of gates.

597. Paul . . . Melita. St. Paul the apostle, when on his way to Rome, was shipwrecked on the Island of Melita, commonly supposed to be the modern Malta. *Acts*, xxviii. 1.

605. Benedicite! = "Bless ye," is the Latin imperative plural of *benedico*, "I bless."

613. south. Grand-Pré lay a mile to the southward.

615. Titan-like . . . hundred hands. Longfellow confuses the *Titans* with the *Hecatoncheires*. The Titans of Greek mythology were the 12 children, 6 sons and 6 daughters, of *Uranus* (Heaven) and *Ge* (Earth). The *Hecatoncheires* (Hundred-handed), three in number, also sons of *Uranus*, were thrown by their father into Tartarus. Then the Titans deposed *Uranus* and raised *Cronos* (Saturn), one of their number, to the throne. Zeus, assisted by the *Hecatoncheires*, after a ten years' conflict, eventually overcame *Cronos* and the Titans, and thenceforth reigned as king of the gods. Both the Titans and *Hecatoncheires* were regarded as giant deities of monstrous size and strength.

621. gleeds, an archaic word, here means "glowing cinders," e.g., detached pieces of glowing wood from the charred houses which, he it remembered, were built "with frames of oak and of chestnut" (l. 33). [A.S. *gled*, a glowing coal.]

622. Observe that the fifth foot is here purposely a trochee, and that the next line is doubly alliterative.

631. *prairies*, "extensive tracts of level or rolling land, destitute of trees, covered with coarse grass, and usually characterized by a deep fertile soil. They abound throughout the Mississippi valley, between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains."—Webster's *International Dictionary*. See text, ll. 1089-1091.

the Nebraska river flows eastward through the American State of Nebraska until it joins the Missouri, which in its turn, proceeding in a south-easterly direction, joins the Mississippi near the city of St. Louis.

657. *without bell or book*, *i.e.*, without the usual funeral solemnities in which a bell and a book would be used.

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

668. *household gods*, in Roman mythology, meant the Lares and Penates, gods of the hearth. In modern parlance the phrase means "family treasures."

669. *without . . . story*. This assertion is too sweeping. The Messenians of old were so treated by the Spartans, the Jews by the Romans, the Irish by Cromwell and William, and of late years the Jews again by Russia. The case of the Huguenots is not a parallel one.

670. *Far . . . landed*. They were distributed among the English colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. See *Historical Note*.

674. *From . . . lakes*. Lakes Champlain, Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, are particularly intended.

*sultry Southern savannas*. Alliteration. A *savanna* (also spelt *savannah*) is "a tract of level land covered with the vegetable growth (such as grass or reeds) usually found in a damp soil and warm climate, but destitute of trees." Cp. Sp. *sabana* and Fr. *savane*. The word is of Americo-Indian origin.

675. *sea*. The Atlantic Ocean is meant.

*the Father of Waters*, the Mississippi. Through its arm, the Missouri, it is truly "the Father of Waters," being the longest river in the world, and exceeding 4000 miles in length. [Algonkin, *Missi Sipi*, "Great River."]

676. *Personal metaphor*. The force of the current carries down

towards the ocean loose particles and fragments of rocks from the hills.

677. *mammoth*. The Russian name for an extinct species of hairy elephant, the only fossil animal that has come down to us in a perfect condition. See illustration in Webster's *International Dictionary*.

686. Before *passions* and *hopes* understand *marked by* from l. 685, corresponding to *marked by* in l. 687.

687. *Western desert*. There are many deserts in the States lying west of the Mississippi, in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains.

704. *Basil*, it should be remembered, was Gabriel's father, though here they are spoken of as if they were only chance acquaintances. They had been transported from Grand-Pré in different ships (l. 572), but had met again after landing.

the *prairies*. See text, ll. 1089-1091, and note to l. 631.

705. *Coureurs-des-Bois*. French: *Coueurs* "hunters" (literally "runners"), *des* "of the," *Bois* "woods." They made their living by hunting and trapping (ensnaring) fur-bearing animals in woods and along rivers, and then selling the furs to traders. They were French by birth, and nearly as lawless as the Indians. -

707. *Voyageurs*. French: literally "travellers." In olden days the term was used in New France in the narrower specific meaning, still kept up in Canada, of men employed by the fur companies in transporting goods by land and river, to and fro between remote stations and the head-quarters of one of the companies.

Louisiana is called after Louis XIV., by whom it was first settled as a French colony about 1698. France sold it to the United States of America in 1803 for £3,000,000, and it is now one of the States of the Union.

713. to braid St. Catherine's tresses. *Elle restera pour coiffer St. Catherine*—"She will remain (be left) to dress St. Catherine's hair"—is an old French saying applied to maids who do not marry. The St. Catherine referred to here was a virgin and martyr of Alexandria, said to have been of royal descent, and is a patron of virgins. She was put to death in 307 A.D. by torture on a wheel for publicly proclaiming her faith in Christ at a sacrificial feast appointed by the Emperor Maximinus. Hence the phrase "Catherine wheel" is applied, especially in Heraldry, to the figure of a wheel with projecting spikes, in reference to the manner of her martyrdom. Hence also a "Catherine-wheel window."

720. See ll. 559-60, and note.

732. *over . . . existence*. Metaphorical for "through the troubles and sorrows of life." *Shards* are broken pieces of earthenware or other similar substance.

733. The introduction of the poet's personality in a place like

•this is unusual. An invocation of the Muse is common enough in poetry, but only at the beginning of an Epic or other long poem.

## II.

741. the Beautiful River. La Salle and the early French explorers, translating literally into French the word *Ohio*, the Iroquois name of the river, called it *La Belle Rivière*, "The Beautiful River." The Ohio is formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers at Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, whence it flows west-south-west for nearly 1000 miles, till its waters join the Mississippi. A quota of 415 Acadian men, women, and children, were sent to Pennsylvania and landed at Philadelphia. Many of these made their way southward to Louisiana by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

742. the Ohio shore. The shore of the Ohio district, which has since become the State of Ohio. On leaving Pennsylvania, the Acadian boatmen would pass in succession, on their right, the present States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and then enter the Mississippi. The Ohio river forms the main eastern and the entire southern boundary of the State of Ohio.

the Wabash river rises in western Ohio, and following a south-westerly course through Indiana, divides the southern half of Indiana from Illinois, and enters the Ohio river about 150 miles above the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

746. the coast of the Atlantic from Massachusetts to Georgia. See l. 670, and note.

750. It should be remembered, in connexion with Longfellow's geography of Louisiana, that his sole authority was *A Geographical Description of the State of Louisiana*, by William Darby, the first edition of which was published in New York in 1816. See Introduction, pp. xxvi-vii. I have consulted this work, and give extracts from it calculated to help students to follow Longfellow's geography, which, owing to altered conditions, would be unintelligible in the light of any modern map or atlas.

the Acadian coast. In 1765, ten years after their expulsion, large numbers of the exiled Acadians, drawn thither by national sympathy, had arrived in Louisiana, then under French rule, and formed settlements in Opelousas and on both sides of the Mississippi. Certain portions of the banks of the river thus came to be known as the Acadian coast. "St. James, or the parish of the Acadian coast," says Darby (p. 78), is "bounded S.E. by the parish St. John Baptist; S.W. by the parish of Assumption; N.W. by Ascension; and N.E. by Amite River . . . Sugar and cotton may be considered the staples of the Acadian coast."

the prairies of fair Opelousas were six in number:—(1) "The prairie Grand Chevreuil; (2) the large prairie of Opelousas proper between the Vermilion and Mermentau rivers; (3) the Grand prairie which, commencing about 8 miles north of Opelousas church, winds between the waters of the Têche and Courtableau 10 miles north-westwardly, then gradually turns to the south between Bayou Cane and Bayou Mellet, and terminates above their junction, being 30 miles long. Next follow prairies (4) Mamou and (5) Calcasieu, and finally the prairie between the Calcasieu and Sabine rivers." DARBY, pp. 97-8.

Opelousas, which is now the name of only one single town, was then the name of an enormous parish, the boundaries of which are thus given by Darby (p. 125):—"Opelousas is bounded, South by the Gulf of Mexico; S.E. and South by the Attacapas [parish]; East by the Atchafalaya river; N.E. by the parish of Avoyelle; North by the parishes of Rapides and Natchitoches; and West by the Sabine river. The greatest length of Opelousas is from N.E. to S.W. 150 miles; its medial breadth is about 50 miles, containing a superficial area of 7600 square miles."

The following extract from Darby (p. 127) shows the route which the exiles, coming down the Mississippi, would in those days have to follow in order to reach Opelousas:—"From the efflux of the Atchafalaya [out of the Mississippi] to Opelousas is 36 miles in a direct line, and the windings necessary for a road would not exceed 50 miles. . . . The present circuitous route by water down the Mississippi and Plaquemines, and up the Atchafalaya and Courtableau to Opelousas, is from one point to the other upwards of 200 miles. Should the raft ever be removed out of the Atchafalaya, the distance to Opelousas from the efflux of the river, down its current to the mouth of [the] Courtableau, and up the latter river, will amount to 70 miles." The raft has since been removed and the passage expedited accordingly, but it took four years for the State of Louisiana to remove it. It was a stationary barrier, always increasing, and was formed of driftwood borne down the Red River, of which the Atchafalaya is practically a continuation, until it had reached the monstrous proportions of 10 miles long, 220 yards broad, and 18 feet deep.

753. For this fine passage see Introduction, p. xxxiii.

755. *chutes* (pronounced *shûtes*, the *u* being long as in *rûle*) are narrow channels with a rapid current, especially on the lower Mississippi river. Fr. *chute*, fall (of water).

757. *lagoons* are large lake-like bodies of shallow water, especially (though not here) near the mouths of rivers. Ital. *lagone*, from *lago* lake. The Ital. *-one*, Eng. *-oon*, is an augmentative suffix. Cp. *ball-oon*, *sal-oon*. Sand-bars would rise here and there above the surface of the Mississippi lagoons owing to the shallowness of the water.

758. *wimpling* here means "rippling, undulating." *their* refers to *sand-bars* (l. 757).

761. *china-trees*. *Cinchona* trees are meant. *China*, in this compound, is a name of the *cinchona* bark chiefly used in pharmacy, and is a variant form of *kina* or *quina*, the Peruvian word for bark, whence *kina-kina* "bark of barks," Peruvian bark, or *cinchona*. There is, however, no etymological connexion between this *china* and *cinchona*. Peruvian bark was first named *cinchona* in 1742 by Linnæus in honour of the Countess of Chinchon in Spain, who, in 1638, when vice-queen of Peru, was cured of a tertian fever by its use, and in 1640 brought a supply of it to Spain, whence it became known throughout Europe. See Murray's *New English Dictionary*, *China* and *Cinchona*.

764. the *Golden Coast* lies along the river in the lowlands of Louisiana, north of Baton Rouge.

765. The *curve* begins where the State of Louisiana first crosses to the eastern bank of the river and forms part of the southern boundary of the State of Mississippi.

766. the *Bayou of Plaquemine*. "*Bayou* is the name given, chiefly in the Southern States of North America, to the marshy offshoots and overflowings of lakes and rivers."—Murray's *New English Dictionary*. The word is probably a corruption of Fr. *boyau* gut (O. Fr. *boel*, Eng. *bowel*), from the striking resemblance when seen in the distance or on a map. See Maps. The *bayous* of Louisiana may be characterized as secondary outlets of the rivers, but the meaning has been extended so that many rivers in this region, particularly if they have sluggish courses, are known as bayous. The alluvial portion of Louisiana, especially below the mouth of the Red River, is a perfect network of these bayous.

The *Bayou of Plaquemine* branches off westward from the Mississippi river at the town of Plaquemine, which is on the western bank of the Mississippi, 22 miles south of Baton Rouge, and on the southern side of the Bayou (river) of Plaquemine.

772-4. *Deathlike the silence seemed*. "To have an idea of the dead silence, the awful lonesomeness, and dreary aspect of this region, it is necessary to visit the spot. Animated nature is banished; *scarcely* a bird flits along to enliven the scenery: natural beauty is not wanting; the varied windings and intricate bendings of the lakes relieve the sameness; whilst the rich green of the luxuriant growth of forest trees, the long line of woods melting into the distant sky, the multifarious tints of the willow, cotton, and other fluvial trees, rendered venerable by the long train of waving moss, amuse the fancy. The imagination fleets back towards the birth of nature, when a new creation started from the deep, with all the freshness of mundane youth."—DARBY, p. 136.

782. the shrinking mimosa. The *mimosa sensitiva* or sensitive plant, a native of Brazil.

785. vision. We infer from l. 787 that this vision was an instance of what is called "hallucination."

788. aisles. "The columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches" (l. 776) are here implicitly compared to the wall and pillars sustaining the roof of an aisle (wing or lateral division) in a cathedral, as "the boughs of the cypress . . . trailing mosses in mid-air" (ll. 769-770) to the banners that hang on the walls (l. 771).

Gabriel wandered. He had previously followed this same route from the Mississippi through the Atchafalaya to his new home on the Têche river, and was now on his way back, so that the two boats were gradually approaching each other.

790. the boat. Evangeline's boat is meant, not Gabriel's.

793. colonnades. A colonnade is properly a series of columns placed at regular intervals and supporting an entablature. Here the columns are represented by trees, and the entablature by the "dusky arch" (l. 770) formed by the meeting of "the towering and tenebrous boughs" (l. 679) overhead.

corridors. A corridor is "a main passage in a large building, upon which in its course many apartments open."—Murray's *New English Dictionary*. Here the main passage is that pursued by the boat between the two colonnades of trees and under the shadowy over-arching roof of boughs, and the apartments that open on it are the intervals between the trees on either side.

The use of *aisles* in the plural (l. 788) and the mention of the *forest* (l. 794), show that we must suppose there were in the Bayou of Plaquemine other colonnades and corridors than those between which Evangeline's boat was passing.

805. Onomatopœic.

806-7. Darby points out (p. 50) that "the bayou Plaquemine leaves the Mississippi river 22 miles below Baton Rouge, flows to the west 15 miles, and falls into the Atchafalaya"; but adds in another place (p. 61) that "it is only seven miles in a direct line from where the Plaquemine leaves the Mississippi to its discharge into [the] Atchafalaya."

It should, however, be pointed out that there has been considerable change in the geographical nomenclature of Louisiana since the first edition of Darby's book appeared in 1816. As a matter of fact, the first river which the Plaquemine joins, is not the Atchafalaya, but the Grosstête. Some way south of this, the united stream joins what was once called the Atchafalaya, but now the Grand River. The Grand River, however, is nothing more than an eastern branch of the Atchafalaya. It diverges from the western branch at Lake Oskibe, 22 miles due west of Plaquemine. The western branch follows a southward course,



and empties itself by several mouths into Grand Lake. The Grand River, or eastern branch of the Atchafalaya, proceeds first eastward, till it joins the Grossetête, and then southward till it enters the extreme south of Grand Lake, whence it passes into the Gulf of Mexico with the other waters of the Atchafalaya. Compare Darby's map with Tourrette's *Reference Map of the State of Louisiana*, from the original survey of the United States, showing townships, sections, and mile squares (*New Orleans*, 1853), without which no adequate idea can be formed of the geography of Louisiana, with its tangled network of rivers, lakes, and bayous.

807. the lakes of the Atchafalaya. Small lakes on the western Atchafalaya. The only large lake lying in their direct course would be Lake Oskibe, beside Cow Island, and below the junction of the Courtableau with the Atchafalaya.

809. the lotus. The Yellow Nelumbo (*Nelumbium luteum*), an American species of lotus or water-lily is meant, and not the *Nelumbium speciosum* or sacred lotus of the Hindus and Buddhists, the flowers of which are generally rose-coloured, sometimes white.

811. magnolia. The *magnolia grandiflora*, sometimes called the "big laurel," is intended. It is a very lofty and magnificent evergreen tree, conspicuous at a great distance, found in the Southern United States, and has large white flowers, sometimes a foot in diameter. It is called after Pierre Magnol, a distinguished French botanist of the 17th century.

815-821. In writing this passage, Longfellow was probably thinking of the following description of an island by Darby (p. 185)—"Pursuing the high outline of this island, you find [*here a list of trees is given*] . . . with an entangled underwood of dogwood, spice, and other shrubbery, interwoven with vines of several species, amongst which the muscadine and wild grape predominate." This is rendered all the more probable by the mention of *Wachita* willows in l. 816, as the above extract describes the banks of an island in the Wachita district, a considerable way to the North of the Atchafalaya, but still in Louisiana. The district takes its name from the Wachita River, a tributary of the Red River, of which the Atchafalaya is practically a continuation; and is variously spelt Wachita, Washita, Ouachita, and Ouachitta,—the two latter being French spellings.

818. midnight toil. See l. 800. They are asleep on the island in "the heat of noon" (l. 812) and not at night, when Gabriel passes them.

819. cope here means "a vault or canopy like that of the sky." Murray's *New English Dictionary*: The original meaning was "a cloak or cape."

820. the trumpet-flower or trumpet-creeper is an American

climbing plant (*Tecoma radicans*) bearing clusters of large red trumpet-shaped flowers.

821. the ladder of Jacob. Jacob, in his sleep, saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending by it. *Genesis*, xxviii. 12.

829. hunters and trappers. See note to l. 705.

830. the bison and beaver. The former, popularly called the *buffalo*, is a species of wild ox which roams in vast herds over the interior of North America, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains. The *beaver* is an amphibious animal with a broad flat oval scaly tail, a coat of fur, and hard incisor teeth with which it cuts down trees; and is remarkable for constructing huts of mud and wood to live in, and dams to preserve its supply of water.

836. the lee . . . island, the side of the island which was sheltered from the wind.

837. palmettoes, stunted palm trees, which grow in great abundance in the Southern United States and the West Indies. Diminutive of *palm*.

838-39. For "willows, *And* undisturbed" the latest edition reads "willows; *All* undisturbed."

856. the Têche. See note to l. 884 below.

St. Maur. Probably an error for *St. Mary*. I cannot find any trace of a town of the name of St. Maur having ever existed in Louisiana. But there was and still is a *parish*, not a *town*, of St. Mary's, south of and adjoining St. Martin's. Darby says (p. 158):—"Attacapas formerly composed one parish, by the name of St. Martin's; but is now divided into two, St. Martin's and St. Mary's." The Têche, it may be added, flows southward through both parishes.

St. Martin, now called St. Martinsville, is the chief town in the parish of St. Martin. It was, when Darby saw it, only a village with about 100 houses.

857. Father Felician thought it likely that they would find Basil and Gabriel in one of these places, with many other exiles who had formerly been members of his congregation (flock) at Grand-Pré.

862. Eden. Adam and Eve were first placed in the garden of Eden, or Paradise. Hence the word is used figuratively, as here, for any delightful abode. "This river [the Mississippi] waters a delightful country, which the inhabitants of the United States called *New Eden*, and to which the French have left the soft name of Louisiana." Preface to Chateaubriand's *Atala* (1801).

873. the mocking bird is a North American singing bird, remarkable for its exact imitations of the notes of other birds.

873-882. Longfellow writes in his *Diary*, under date January 26, 1847:—"Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline*. I then

952. Adayes, a small town of Spanish origin in Louisiana, a few miles due west of the town of Natchitoches on the Red River. "A considerable trade was carried on with the Spanish provinces by the route of Natchitoches. Wool, mules, and dollars were brought in and given in exchange for merchandise."—DARBY, p. 199. The upper Sabine River (Louisiana) was formerly called the *Adayes* River.

953. the Indian trails, the routes followed by the Indians in passing through wild regions. They are not roads, nor even always paths. *Trail* is the mark left on the ground by something *trailed* or dragged along, as lodge-poles which the Indians fasten to the saddles of their squaws' horses. They follow the scratchings or *trails* of the poles next time they go that way. See Ingersoll, *Knocking Round the Rockies*, xxi. 162.

the Ozark mountains lie from N.E. to S.W. between the Missouri and Arkansas rivers, partly in S.W. Missouri, partly in N.W. Arkansas, and partly in the Indian Territory as far as the Red River. Gabriel and his pursuers would naturally follow the course of the Red River from Adayes to the base of the Ozark Mountains in Indian Territory, and then proceed north-west to the prairies. The Ozark mountains rise occasionally from 1500 to 2000 feet. Dr J. J. Egli (*Etymologisch-geographisches Lexikon: Leipzig*, 1880) says *Ozark* is an American corruption of the French *aux arcs* (which is pronounced in exactly the same way), meaning "for bows," i.e., *bois aux arcs* "wood for bows," referring to the abundance of osage-orange whose wood is well adapted for bow-making.

956. the Fates of Greek and Roman mythology were three goddesses, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, called by the Greeks *Moirai*, and identified with the Roman *Parcae*. They were supposed to control all destinies, human and divine. The phrase here is used in the vaguer sense of "Destiny."

957. the red dew, the dew reflecting the red rays of the rising sun.

958. bring . . . prison. Said humorously.

960. Michael the Fiddler. See l. 408.

961. Olympus, the home of the Greek gods, was located by the earlier Greek poets on the summit of Mount Olympus in Thessaly, and later in the sky, or vault of heaven.

With ll. 961-2, cp. Tennyson, *Lotos-Eaters*, viii.,

"On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

968. gossips here means "boon companions," an archaic meaning.

970. ci-devant, former, "late." This French compound has not been naturalized in English.

983. poured . . . wine. Another humorous combination. See note to l. 408.

984. *Natchitoches tobacco*. The old parish of Natchitoches in Louisiana was "bounded south by Opelousas, S.W. by Sabine river, N.W. by the province of Texas, North by the Missouri territory, N.E. by Ouachitta, S.E. by Rapides. This immense parish covers 10,600 square miles. . . . The staples of Natchitoches are cotton, tobacco, peltries, salt, beef, pork, maize, and timber. . . . The town of Natchitoches stands on the right bank of the Red River."—DARBY, pp. 198-9.

998. See *Historical Note*. The cattle and farms of the Acadians had been confiscated to the English crown.

1004-5. See l. 285 and note.

1009. *Creoles*. "In the West Indies and other parts of America, Mauritius, etc.; *originally* a person born and naturalized in the country, but of European (usually Spanish or French) or of African negro race; the name having no connotation of colour, and in reference to origin being distinguished, on the one hand, from born in Europe (or Africa), and, on the other hand, from aboriginal. Now, usually, = *creole white*, a descendant of European settlers, born and naturalized in those colonies or regions, and more or less modified in type by the climate and surroundings."—Murray's *New English Dictionary*. Murray also points out that the local use varies, and that in the United States it is applied only to the French-speaking white descendants of the early French settlers in Louisiana, etc.; and it is in this sense that the word is used here. [Fr. *créole*; Sp. *criollo*, negro, dim. of *criado*, servant; Sp. *criar*, bring up; Lat. *creo*, create.]

1010. Basil is no longer "the Blacksmith," but "the Herdsman," from his new avocation in Louisiana.

1025. heard . . . sea. Only as one of the "olden memories."

1033. a silent Carthusian. A Carthusian is a monk or nun of the austere order founded by St. Bruno in 1086 in the solitude of La Chartreuse near Grenoble, in the French Alps. Among their rules is one that enjoins *unbroken silence* except on rare occasions. Littré derives the name "from the *Catursiani montes*, or from *Catorissium*, *Caturissium*, *Chatrousse*, a village in Dauphiné, near which their first monastery was founded." Members of the order came to England in 1180 and founded *Chartreuse-houses*, subsequently corrupted into *Charter-houses*. *Charterhouse* thus became the name of a charitable institution or "hospital" founded in London in 1611, on the site of a Carthusian monastery; and it has since developed into one of the great public schools of England. It was situated in London until 1872, but is now at Godalming in Surrey.

1041. thoughts . . . heavens. The conceit in this metaphor compares favourably with "the forget-me-nots of the angels" (l. 352).

1043. that temple, the sky.

1044. "Upharsin." The reference is to the Scripture story of a sumptuous feast made by King Baltassar, Balthasar, or Belshazzar (lit. *Bal's or Bel's Prince*), in the city of Babylon, when, in the midst of the revelry, a hand supernaturally appeared and wrote on the wall the doom of the kingdom, which Daniel alone was able to interpret, and which was accomplished that very night, the king being slain and the kingdom conquered. The inscription, MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN, was in the Chaldean tongue, and means, "Numbered, numbered, weighed, and divisions"; i.e., according to Daniel's interpretation, the days of the kingdom were numbered, the king was weighed in the balance and found wanting, and his kingdom was to be divided and given to the Medes and Persians. See *Daniel*, chap. v. Hence "the handwriting on the wall" now denotes generally any omen that might be regarded as a foreshadowing of doom.

1054. whippoorwill, a small bird allied to the nighthawk and goat-sucker, common in the Eastern United States. It is remarkable for its bristly beak and its nocturnal cry, of which its name is an imitation.

1057-8. These two lines exemplify what is known as *Passion* in Poetry. Passion means profound and intense feeling addressed first to all that relates to the human ties, and next, to remoter objects, so far as they can be coloured by human imagination and emotion. Cp. the following from Wordsworth, *Song at Feast of Brougham Castle* :—

"Quell the Scot," exclaims the Lance;  
"Bear me to the land of France,"  
Is the longing of the shield.

1063. the Prodigal Son was the subject of a parable used by Jesus in addressing the Scribes and Pharisees. See *Luke*, xv. 11-32.

1064. the Foolish Virgin refers to the simile in *Matthew*, xxv. 1-13, in which the Kingdom of heaven is likened to ten virgins, five of whom were foolish, slept when the bridegroom was coming, and were refused admission to the marriage-feast.

slept when . . . coming. See ll. 834-843.

1074. Adayes. See note to l. 952.

#### IV.

1078. the mountains. The Rocky Mountains are meant.

1082. the Oregon river, now commonly called the Columbia and formerly the San Roque, rises in the Rocky Mountains and flows westward into the Pacific. It has two main branches, the Oregon or Columbia proper from the N.N.W., and the Snake river,

called also the Lewis Fork, from the S.E. The *Owyhee* is a tributary of the Snake river. The *Wallaway* is probably an error for the Walla Walla, a small river which rises in the Blue Mountains, flows west, and joins the Oregon at Wallula below the junction of the Oregon and the Snake rivers. The Oregon river forms, from its western bend, the boundary between the States of Washington and Oregon, and is the largest river on the western side of America.

1083-4. the Wind-river Mountains lie in the west of the State of Wyoming; and the Sweetwater river, which is the most westerly affluent of the Nebraska, rises on their southern slope and, proceeding eastward through the *Sweetwater Valley* between the Rattlesnake Hills on the North, and the Sweetwater mountains on the South, joins the north fork of the *Nebraska* or *Platte* river. The Nebraska farther on joins the Mississippi, and that again the Mississippi, which enters the Gulf of Mexico.

1085. *Fontaine-qui-bout*, or *Fontaine-qui-bouille*, is the name of a small stream in Colorado. It flows south from Colorado Springs past Fountain village and joins the Arkansas river at Pueblo. The Arkansas then follows a S.E. course, till it joins the Mississippi. Both names are French, and literally mean "Fountain which boils," "Boiling Spring," "Numberless torrents" flow eastward from the Sierra Blanco in Colorado to join the Arkansas, and find their way to the Gulf of Mexico.

the Spanish sierras are mountain chains or ridges of jagged irregular outline. *Sierra* in Spanish literally means "a saw," from Lat. *serra*, "a saw," and is of common occurrence in the names of mountain ranges in Spain and its former colonies in North and South America. There are many *sierras* in Colorado, New Mexico, and the S.W. United States generally, as these were formerly Spanish possessions. Most of the torrents from these Spanish sierras find an outlet in the Pacific Ocean through the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, which flow into the Gulf of California.

1089. prairies. See note to l. 631.

1091. *amorphas* are North American shrubs, also called false indigos or lead-plants, having long spiked clusters of purple flowers. Greek *amorphos*, shapeless; *a*, privative + *morphe* shape.

1095. Ishmael's children. The American Indians are meant. See note to l. 381. Ishmael had twelve sons, each of whom became the head of a tribe, and these tribes are, according to tradition, the progenitors of the modern Bedouins or nomadic Arabs of Syria, Arabia, and Northern Africa. The Red Indians are here called "Ishmael's children" because they, like the Bedouins, are restless nomads, live in tents, and even still occasionally resort to plunder. Since they came under the influence of the settled forms of government carried to the western hemi-

1225. this . . . plant, "faith" (l. 1222).

1226. *asphodel* or King's Spear is the name of a genus of the lily family, having very handsome flowers, and most men's in South Europe. By Homer and the Greek poets it was made an immortal flower, the pale flower of Hades and the dead, and was said to cover the Elysian meads—or haunts of departed Greek heroes. Cp. Hom. *Odys.* xi. 539, and xxiv. 13; and Pope, *St. Cecilia's Day* :—

"Happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of *asphodel*."

*nepenthe*, an Egyptian drug used by the ancients to give relief from pain and sorrow, and supposed to be opium or hasheesh. [Gk. *nēpenthēs*, free from sorrow; *ne-* not + *penthos* sorrow.] Cp. Hom. *Odys.* iv. 221.

1232. north and east, put for north-east, to suit the metre.

Michigan, one of the Northern United States, lies in the heart of the Lake district. It is bounded on the North by Lake Superior and St. Mary's River; East by Lake Huron, St. Clair River and Lake, Detroit River, and Lake Erie; and West by Lake Michigan and the State of Wisconsin. The States of Ohio and Indiana adjoin it on the South.

1233. the Saginaw river flows northward through Michigan, past the towns of Saginaw, East Saginaw, and Lower Saginaw, and empties itself into Saginaw Bay, an arm of Lake Huron on the eastern side of Michigan State.

1234. the lakes of St. Lawrence, *i.e.*, the lakes along the course of the St. Lawrence river. The most distant source of the St. Lawrence is the river St. Louis, which flows into the upper end of Lake Superior, and rises in the spacious plateau which sends forth also the Mississippi towards the Gulf of Mexico, and the Red River of the North towards Hudson Bay. The waters of Lake Superior are connected with the more easterly and lower lakes of Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, from the last of which the St. Lawrence flows by a north-easterly course into the gulf of the same name. Its entire length, including the lakes, is about 2200 miles; and although not the longest, the St. Lawrence is by far the largest body of fresh water in the world, covering, with its lakes, an area of fully 73,000 square miles.

1241. tents of grace. A translation of the Moravian *Gnadenhütten*.

Moravian Missions. The Moravians are a religious community, called also *United Brethren*, *Moravian Brethren*, and *Bohemian Brethren*, and trace their origin to the followers of John Huss, who were expelled by persecution from *Moravia* (whence their name) and *Bohemia*, about 1722 A.D. They began missionary work in



1732, their first field being the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies; and their colonies soon spread over America, where they are nearly as numerous as in Europe. They are most numerous, however, in Germany, where they are recognized by the State as Protestants attached to the Augsburg Confession, the chief standard of faith in the Lutheran Church.

## V.

1252. the Delaware river rises in New York State on the western slope of the Catskill Mountains, an offshoot of the Alleghanies, and proceeding southward forms the entire eastern boundary of the State of Pennsylvania, "the delightful land which is washed by" its waters. From its source to its mouth in Delaware Bay, east of Delaware State, it is about 300 miles long.

1253. sylvan . . . Penn. "Pennsylvania" is named after William Penn (1644-1718), the celebrated English Quaker and philanthropist. As a student at Oxford he was converted to Quakerism by Thomas Loe, a disciple of George Fox, the founder of the sect, and thenceforward became an earnest propagator of its tenets. He was imprisoned more than once for conscience' sake, and sought a home for his co-religionists in the New World where they might preach and practise their convictions in peace. When his father, Admiral Sir William Penn, died, he left his son an estate of £1500 a year, and claims on government for £16,000. In lieu of these claims he obtained from government, in 1681, a grant of the territory now known as Pennsylvania. Penn wished to call it *Sylvania* on account of its forests, but Charles II. good-humouredly insisted on the prefix *Penn*. Penn sailed with a small colony of Quakers for the Delaware in August 1682; and soon planned and built Philadelphia. Not only Quakers but persecuted members of other religious denominations soon found refuge in his new colony, where, from the very beginning, the principle of religious toleration was established by law.

1254. city. Philadelphia,—a Greek compound word meaning "brotherly love" and pointing to the tenets of its early settlers, who were members of the Society of Friends, popularly known as Quakers. It stands on a tract of land between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, immediately above their junction, and is now the second city of America, having at the last census a population of 1,163,864 inhabitants.

1256. streets . . . trees. "As for the particular names of the several streets, the principal are as follows, viz.,—Walnut Street, Vine Street, Mulberry Street, Chestnut Street, Sassafras Street, taking their names from the abundance of those trees that formerly grew there."—From Gabriel Thomas's Account of Philadelphia,



to the year 1696, printed in J. F. Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, p. 85 (Philadelphia, 1830).

1257. the Dryads or Hamadryads were female divinities of a lower rank whom the Greeks believed to die with the trees that had been their abode and with which they had come into existence. [Gk. *drus*, philologically = Eng. *tree*.]

1258. *Evangeline* is thus represented as having landed in Philadelphia in 1755, among the band of "415 men, women, and children," who were cast adrift in the State of Pennsylvania.

1260. René Leblanc. See notes to ll. 263, 273-4, and 303.

1264. the *Thee* and *Thou* of the Quakers, the mode of speech in use among the Friends or Quakers. Philadelphia was, in its origin, a Quaker city; and Quakers are more numerous in the United States than in England. One of their peculiarities is this use of "*thee*" or "*thou*" for the ordinary "*you*." "*Thou* in Shakspeare's time was very much like '*du*' now among Germans, the pronoun of (1) affection towards friends, (2) good-humoured superiority to servants, and (3) contempt or anger to strangers. It had, however, already fallen somewhat into disuse, and being regarded as archaic, was naturally adopted (4) in the higher poetic style and in the language of solemn prayer."—ABBOT, *Shaksperian Grammar*, pp. 153-4. In common usage, *thou* has been superseded, out of compliment, by the plural form *you*, which also takes a plural verb even when referring to only one person. But the Quakers are serious Christians who scorn vain compliments, regard all men as equal, and look at the real meanings of the words they use. Hence they sometimes use *thou*, but more commonly though less grammatically *thee* for the nominative *thou*, in addressing all persons. When *thee* is used in this irregular way, the verb that follows it is in the *third* person, not the second as with *thou*; e.g. "*Was thee* in town yesterday?"

1282-3. Cp. ll. 719-727.

1288. A Sister of Mercy. An anachronism. This order of nuns was founded in Dublin so late as 1827, whereas both Gabriel and *Evangeline* are supposed to die in 1793, as will appear below. "A Sister of *Charity*" is meant. This order was first called into existence in France in 1634 by St. Vincent de Paul, and was recognized in 1656 by Clement IX. One of its great objects is the nursing of the poor and sick in their homes and in hospitals, without distinction of faith, rank, or nation. Such is here the work of *Evangeline*.

1292. the watchman has been replaced by the modern policeman. The *watch* or *watchmen* of former times kept nightly guard, preserved the peace, and called out the hours with "All's well."

1296. the German farmer. Among the Quakers who founded Philadelphia was a colony of Germans, and Germantown was the

name of one of the original divisions of the city. Logan writing of the Germans in 1725 says they then held as much as 100,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Philadelphia. In the year 1749, as many as 12,000 Germans arrived in that city. See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, pp. 472-3, "The Germans."

1298. a pestilence. The terrible Yellow Fever which visited Philadelphia in 1793. Between August 1st and November 9th of that year, 4041 of the inhabitants died of this fever, and 17,000 fled for safety from the city. See Carey's book mentioned below.

1299. presaged . . . pigeons. "Among the country people, large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostic has ever been verified before, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring [*viz., the spring before the Yellow Fever*] the numbers of those birds brought to our markets were immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before."—*A Short Account of the Malignant Fever lately prevalent in Philadelphia*, by Matthew Carey (p. 87, 3rd edition. Philadelphia, 1793).

1301. tides . . . September. Cp. l. 152 above.

1303-4. Construction:—"So death flooded (the stream of) life, and, overflowing its natural margin, spread the silver stream of existence to a brackish lake."

1308. the almshouse. Mr Thompson Westcott says in *The Historic Mansions and Buildings of Philadelphia* (p. 102) that "not only was the story of Evangeline determined to refer to the Quaker Almshouse, but there were persons ready to show exactly where in the garden the bodies of Gabriel and Evangeline were buried." But we have Longfellow's own authoritative statement communicated to a Philadelphia journalist, and printed in the Introduction to this edition of the poem (see p. xxvii), that he placed the final scene at the poorhouse in Spruce Street, and not elsewhere. Of this poorhouse, Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia* (1830), says:—"The original poorhouse . . . was located . . . on a green meadow extending from Spruce to Pine Street and from Third to Fourth Street. . . . Its great gate was on Spruce Street. . . . The house was much such a structure as to height and general appearance as that of the Friends' Almshouse in Walnut Street; it had a piazza all round. It contained the sick and insane as well as the poor. . . . The present Almshouse on Spruce Street, begun in 1760, was first occupied in the year 1767. . . . It was then quite a place in the country and near the woods." Westcott adds (p. 101):—"Here commenced the Philadelphia Hospital in connexion with the Almshouse about 1732, being the first hospital established in the American colonies." In the above extracts, *almshouse* and *poorhouse* are used indiscriminately for the institution in con-

nexion with which the hospital was established, and in which Longfellow places the final scene.

1312. See *Matthew*, xxvi. 11; *Mark*, xiv. 7; and *John*, xii. 8.

1326. Christ Church, Philadelphia, is a Protestant Episcopal Church. Its famous *belfry* was finished in 1754, at a cost of £2,100, and its chime of bells purchased in England for £900. The church was first set up as a wooden structure in 1695, but was subsequently rebuilt and ornamented, and received a service of plate from Queen Anne. See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, pp. 325-334.

1328. Swedes . . . Wicaco. The Swedish Protestant Episcopal Church of "Gloria Dei" in Wicaco, Philadelphia, was begun in 1698 and opened in 1700. It is the oldest church in Philadelphia. See Watson and Westcott.

1346. After *morning* understand "dropped" from the preceding line. As "faded" would be more appropriate to the nominatives in l. 1346, "dropped" is an instance of *Zeugma*.

1354. the fever. The yellow fever that raged in Philadelphia in 1793.

1355-6. The reference is to *Exodus*, chap. xii., which relates the 1 of the fearful plagues that devastated the land of Egypt because reigning Pharaoh would not release the Israelites from slavery and allow them to return to their own land. The Israelites (Hebrews) sprinkled their door-posts with the blood of a lamb to distinguish their houses from those of the Egyptians; and in the same night the Angel of Death smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, save only in the houses marked with the blood of the lamb. Thereupon the Israelites were released from bondage by Pharaoh, and returned to their own land. This great event was afterwards annually commemorated by them as the Feast of the *Pasch* or *Pass-over* of the Lord; because the Lord had *passed over* the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians.

1380. meekly she bowed her own head in death, her dying words being "Father, I thank thee."

1383. Catholic churchyard. See Introduction, p. xxvii.

1391. another race, the English. Grand-Pré district was colonized by New Englanders five years after the expulsion of the Acadians.

1393. a few Acadian peasants. See *Historical Note*.